

# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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## The Literary Week.

LAST week we commented on the readiness of our readers to translate poetry from the French. Their eagerness to acclimatise the Haikai, a Japanese form of verse, as will be seen from our Competition page, is still more striking. Possibly Haikai-writing may become generally popular, and supply the now neglected ballades, rondeaux and triolets, with a successor. But we fancy not.

THE following were the seven most popular books in America during March:

1. *David Harum*. By E. N. Westcott.
2. *The Day's Work*. By Rudyard Kipling.
3. *The Battle of the Strong*. By Gilbert Parker.
4. *Aylwin*. By Theodore Watts-Dunton.
5. { *When Knighthood was in Flower*. By E. Caskoden.
- { *Red Rock*. By T. N. Page.
6. *Mr. Dooley*. By F. P. Dunne.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's next book will be not prose but poetry—a successor to his *Black Riders*. The title is *War is Kind*. Meanwhile Mr. Crane is hard at work on a new long novel.

OUR paragraph last week about Mr. Günther's *Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students*, wherein he illustrates the use of words by brief extracts from popular novelists, has had an effect we neither expected nor wished. It has made Mr. Günther cross. He has favoured us with a letter of tremendous sarcasm, to which there seems to be no reply. And all the while we really admire the patience and instructive skill displayed in his *Manual*, and were essaying merely to be humorous. But in matters of humour the fault of the Dutch is taking too little and asking too much.

ONE disadvantage of the publication of the "Golden Treasury" edition of *Omar Khayyam*, which is having almost as large a sale as *In His Steps*, is the destruction of the tidy little business done for many years past by an old scribe living in Leicester, who made with his own hands laborious copies of the Rubaiyat, and sold them at a shilling a piece to budding Radicals.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM is just finishing a novel which he is thinking of calling *Zuleika Hobson*. The manner is more or less that of *The Happy Hypocrite*, and its length will be less than half that of *The Christian*. There are probably two reasons for keeping it short: one is that Mr.

Beerbohm is in favour of brevity; the other, that his new book *Mors* will precede it, and people might be tempted to label *Zuleika* "Too Much."

IN his new novel, Mr. James Lane Allen, the author of *The Choir Invisible*, will again depict life in Kentucky. He has entitled it *The Mettle of the Pasture*, taking the phrase from "Henry V.":

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Mr. Allen thinks his new story his best.

WHATEVER our wishes may be we cannot feel any hope that the project for erecting a statue of Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich will be carried to completion. The English people are too slow to subscribe for such a purpose even when the subject is a popular writer with a household name, so that we cannot believe the learned and cloistral author of *Religio Medici* to have a chance with them. But possibly Sir Peter Eade and his fellow-committeemen feel this, and hope that by asking for much they may get a little, a little being better than nothing. As a local memorial of the great writer, a window in St. Peter's would answer the purpose, and would cost only a tithe of a statue. We should like to know that Norwich had a statue of its great citizen; but we fear that private enterprise alone will supply it.

IN commenting upon the scheme, the *Times* suggests that a new *Religio Medici*, a true product of our time, would be interesting. It would indeed. Few books mentioned by our contributors, in reply to a recent request for the names of needed works, were so much to the point.

THE reported loss of a chapter of the *History of Scotland*, on which Mr. Lang is now engaged, impelled a contributor of the *Westminster Gazette* to rhyme. The verses, in their turn, have impelled Mr. Lang to explain the situation. He writes: "To allay public anxiety, so touchingly expressed by your poet, I may say that only a fragment of a chapter of my History—a chapter which cried aloud to be rewritten—was missing. It dealt with the virtues of that sorely misjudged hero of Scottish independence, the revered Cardinal Beaton. Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intimation."

At Sotheby's, on April 27, will be sold by auction a number of articles of the greatest possible interest to collectors of Stevensoniana—namely, fifty-six lots, consisting of gifts of the early writings of R. L. S. to his mother, and fourteen copies of *The Pentland Rising*, the extremely rare pamphlet with which Stevenson began his serious career. Many of the little books given to his mother have quaint inscriptions. Here is one entry in the catalogue:

Stevenson (R. L.) "The Surprise, vol. I., Saturday, June. San Francisco, Alameda County, no. 3. The Surprise is edited and published semi-monthly by S. L. Osbourne and Co." 4 pp., rudely printed with small cuts, EXTREMELY RARE. sm. 8vo. (after 1875)

\* A very interesting Stevenson leaflet. It contains an advertisement of the works of Stevenson, which includes "The Amateur Emigrant," of which only a few copies were printed and then rigorously suppressed. (See *Athenæum*, Oct. 24, 1880.) There is also an advertisement headed "Helth (sic) to the Sickly!!! Professor Stevenson, with the aid of God's Sun and Mankind's refined Olive Oil will PLUCK the Sufferer from the JAWS of DEATH."

On the first day of the sale, April 24, will be sold a number of Stevenson first editions.

STEVENSONIANS will learn with interest that Swanston, that "least considerable of hamlets" on the slope of the Pentland Hills, is yearly attracting an increasing company of pilgrims. Adam Ritchie, one of the villagers who knew Stevenson well when the "lang-haired, idle-set laddie," as he was wont to term R. L. S., was a visitor in the old manse, and who had many reminiscences of the boy who accompanied him when ploughing the fields, has just passed away. It was here, doubtless, that "Louis" received the impressions which he articulated long years after in some of his songs of exile. Old Adam delighted to tell how "mony a time Stevenson would gang up the rig when I was ploughin', but he wadna gang very far without takin' oot his notebook and bit pencil, and there he would be writin' doon—Guidness kens what! He was never," the old ploughman continued, "what ye could call communicative, but he was a deevil to think, and he wasna sweir to speir what he didna ken."

A NEW poem by Sir Walter Scott has been published by the *Daily News*. The subject is Killiecrankie, and the verses, which have spirit, are a free translation of the Latin poem beginning *Gramius notabilis collegerat montanos*:

The glorious Graham, of deathless fame,  
Brought down his mountain band.

Scott made the verses in 1805 for Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Constable, and the reason of their lying dormant so long may be sought in the difference which subsequently occurred between the two men. Here are three of the best stanzas:

Macleod, the bold, fought as of old,  
Amid his martial clan;  
From foemen such the tardy Dutch  
With speed unwonted ran.  
The stout Lochiel with dirk of steel,  
And many a Cameron there,  
The Southron fell, dispatched to hell,  
And bore their spoils to Blair.

Glenmorristen from wood and glen,  
A huntsman warrior came;  
His carbine true, to earth he threw,  
And drew his sword of flame.  
He left the doe and bounding roe,  
He left the stag at bay,  
The whiggish race, like deer to chase,  
And course the false Mackay.  
While Tummel's wave, by rock and cave,  
From Blair to Tay shall run,  
Claymore and targe, in Highland charge,  
Shall rout the pike and gun.  
And you, ye true, your blades who drew,  
For Scotland's laws and King,  
In storied lays, your deathless praise,  
Immortal bards shall sing.

Mr. Hunter's original purpose was to print the poem as an accompaniment to an engraving of the portrait of Lord Dundee, belonging to the Duke of Montrose, as a gift to his Grace.

MR. ZANGWILL when in America gave sittings to a Boston sculptor, Mr. Leo Mielziner, whose bust of the author we reproduce. Apropos of Mr. Zangwill's visit, the New York *Bookman* tells this characteristic story: "At a luncheon given him by some people who were strangers to him, he was treated as the Great Man, and his most indifferent or flippant remark was received with grave interest and tossed about the table to the death of any general conversation. After the luncheon his hostess asked him to write something in her little boy's diary so that the Little Man might always remember the day when he saw the great writer. Mr. Zangwill turned over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates: 'Got a reward of merit,' 'Had a birthday party,' 'Tonsillitis,' and so forth, and then he wrote: 'December—, Zangwillitis.'"



MR. I. ZANGWILL.

From a Bronze by Leo Mielziner,  
Boston.

over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates: 'Got a reward of merit,' 'Had a birthday party,' 'Tonsillitis,' and so forth, and then he wrote: 'December—, Zangwillitis.'"

THE series of signed articles promised by the editor of the *Morning Post* some time ago is now in progress. One day this week Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who is known rather as novelist and humorist, contributed a very pretty piece of natural history called "Green Flowers," wherein he described a spring walk, presumably in Devonshire. Mr. Phillpotts has been called Mr. Blackmore's successor, and in this essay another proof of his kinship was offered in the deep reverence for nature which permeated it. But Mr. Phillpotts is a little too fond of fine writing: he has not the simple Saxon eloquence of the author of *Lorna Doone*.

THE acting rights of John Oliver Hobbes' play, "A Repentance," for France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, and



Russia, have been arranged for, and the little drama will be produced in those countries during the next six months.

THE new play by Dr. Conan Doyle, founded on the late James Payn's novel, *Halves*, and called by the same name, which was produced at Aberdeen this week, is another proof of his versatility. Dr. Doyle's career as a dramatist is really only just beginning. His first venture—the comic opera "Jane Annie," in which he collaborated with Mr. Barrie—was a mere trifle; and "The Story of Waterloo," though excellent, was practically a monologue. With "Halves," which is domestic drama, and the Sherlock Holmes play, and another about to be produced, Dr. Conan Doyle enters the ranks of serious writers for the stage. If, as is stated, he intends also to contest a seat in Parliament, novel-readers may, indeed, feel apprehensive.

FOUR of the numbers in Dr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* have been set to music by Prof. Stanford for use in schools. They will be issued immediately by Messrs. Curwen.

A TRANSLATION of the little song by Maurice Masterlinck, the text of which was printed in our "Paris Letter" last week, has been attempted by several readers. The best version is, we think, that by Mr. W. G. Fulford, which we print below, together with one other:

And if he should yet return,  
What then shall I say?  
Tell him that I watched for  
him,  
Dying day by day. . . .

And if he, not knowing me,  
Question me of you?  
Speak him soft, it may be he  
Has known sorrow too. . . .

And if he should seek for  
you,  
What shall I reply?  
Give him then my golden  
ring,  
Making no reply. . . .

If he ask why never a step  
Wakes the silent floor?  
Show him the extinguished  
lamp  
And the open door. . . .

And if he should question  
still  
Of the closing sleep?  
Tell him, tell him, that I  
smiled—  
Smiled—lest he should  
weep. . . .

W. G. FULFORD.

Ah, if he come back one day!  
Should I find the word to say?  
Tell him of the waiting drear,  
Till Death clutch'd me in his  
fear. . . .

What if he be wholly blind,  
To the face he used to find  
Often nigh? . . . Speak low,  
smile yet,  
In his heart may burn  
regret. . . .

Say the answer I must make,  
If he ask once for thy sake,  
In his hand my golden ring,  
Speak not any other thing. . . .

If the reason he would know  
The dim lone house, how can  
I show?  
Point but to the lamp once  
bright,  
The door flung wide unto the  
night. . . .

Can I tell him of the last  
Late swift hour, ere yet thou  
pass'd?  
Only say my smiles so gay  
Flashed to keep his tears  
away. . . .

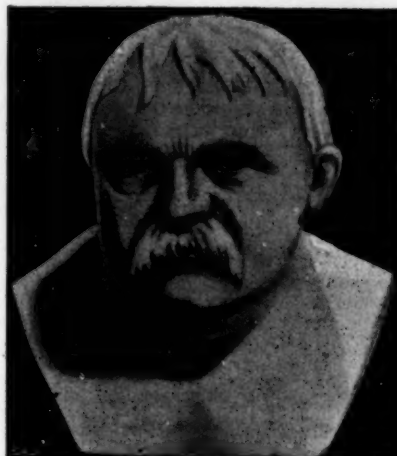
E. C. M. DART.

Replies received also from B. D., London; J. S. L., Newcastle; M. T., London; E. M. A., Oxford; H. L. R., London; E. S. W., Sheffield; and M. S., Weybridge.

THERE is a certain fascination in any bird's-eye view of other people's business. We feel it as we turn the pages of *The Legitimist Kalendar for the Year of Our Lord 1899*, just issued, in its third year, by Messrs. Innes. It is curious to think that these expert and well-packed pages have a real meaning for people whom one may pass in the street. And yet, on the whole, we wonder that there are not more Legitimists. The man who finds life prosaic and narrow and material may splash his life with colour by believing that the rightful monarch of these islands is Princess Louis of Bavaria, *née* Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena. Believing that, yet retaining his respect for Queen Victoria, a man ought never to have a dull moment. He can go and see a brother Legitimist and "put in" a couple of hours' treason. He can shed tears for the murder of Charles the First, and what an exclusive luxury such tears must be! At the worst, he can pore over these intricate pages, and, unlike ourselves, take them seriously. Happy Legitimist!

THE bust of Mr. Howells, the novelist, critic, and un-

crowned king of American authors, which we reproduce, is not, like Mr. Zangwill's, from life, but from a caricature in the *New York Bookman*. Mr. Howells's criticisms are too well known in this country and his novels too little. A new story from his very busy pen—*The Ragged Lady*—has just been



MR. W. D. HOWELLS.  
From the "Bookman's" Literary Sculpture Gallery.  
issued in America.

A CORRESPONDENT describes in picturesque terms the effect of a sudden darkening of the British Museum reading-room last Saturday by a passing snow storm: "The darkness fell suddenly and intensely like a blanket, and all work was stopped. Then the hundreds of incandescent lamps attached to the reading desks and the surrounding shelves bloomed forth. The effect was a fairyland of rosy and mysterious lights. For about three minutes the great lamps in the dome remained dark. The opportunity thus given to watch a scene of singular beauty was apparently taken by very few readers. A few minutes later the large lamps destroyed the less, and then the prosaic grey daylight extinguished both."

SAYS Mr. W. P. James, in the *St. James's Gazette*, writing of the numerous editions and versions of Omar Khayyam and the Omar cult generally: "The contrast

between this stress of fashion and Old Fitz's secret and fastidious seclusion makes a kind of comic converse to the situation in the famous stanza :

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Janskyd gloried and drank deep.

Though perhaps FitzGerald might think the final lines suited the situation well enough :

the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep."

This is neat and timely, but oh, so old! The jest was first uttered, and with best effect of all, on the occasion when a number of the faithful met at FitzGerald's grave to plant thereon a rose from Nishaipur. "The wild ass," murmured one of the company, suddenly awakened to the significance of the proceeding, "stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep."

## Bibliographical.

WE are told, on the excellent authority of "C. K. S.," to look out for a monograph on Leigh Hunt which shall show that pleasant writer in a new light. It is to be proved, I gather, that Hunt was not the careless handler of money depicted by certain of the commentators. Well, it is always nice to see character rehabilitated, and doubtless something still needs to be done before the reading public can be persuaded that the Harold Skimpole of Dickens was not a true picture of poor Hunt. Meanwhile, Hunt's *Autobiography* has been extant for nearly half a century; his *Correspondence* has been before the world since 1862; his *Life* has been written very sympathetically by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse (1893); and there are numerous glimpses of him in the letters or memoirs of Carlyle, the Cowden Clarkes, S. C. Hall, Hawthorne, Miss Mitford, Tom Moore, P. G. Patmore, Barry Cornwall, and others. Out of all this material, I think, it is possible to construct a tolerably trustworthy figure of the man as well as the writer—though anything absolutely new which his latest biographer may have to tell us will, of course, be welcome.

"C. K. S." further promises us an account by Sir Arthur Sullivan of his *Musical Life*. Well, that will be acceptable too. Sir Arthur has already written his autobiography, in brief, in the columns of *M. A. P.*; he has also submitted to the pressure of the interviewer more frequently than his less complaisant fellow-worker, Mr. Gilbert. Still, he must have very much more to tell. Meanwhile, those interested in the subject may be reminded that a very informing and readable narrative of Sir Arthur's public life is to be found in Mr. Charles Willeby's *Masters of Contemporary English Music*, published half a dozen years ago.

We have had a series of *Masters of Medicine* as well as of *Masters of Music*, and now, it seems, we are to receive from the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson a couple of volumes entitled *Disciples of Esculapius*, and consisting of studies of famous physicians and surgeons. This ought to be a very useful and, no doubt, readable work, being the product of an expert. I remember reading some years ago—about the middle of the "eighties"—an anonymou

work, also in two volumes, called *The Healing Art*, and dealing in a very instructive though, of course, "popular" way with the history of medicine in all times and places. This work, probably, covered considerably more ground than Sir B. W. Richardson has taken up in the book we are now looking for.

Very interesting is the statement that the Elizabethan Stage Society will shortly give a performance of Omar FitzGerald's adaptation from Calderon, *Life's a Dream*. As a matter of fact, FitzGerald's work, which came out just twenty-two years ago, was entitled by him *Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of*. A translation of Calderon's drama, made by D. F. McCarthy, and called *Life is a Dream*, appeared in 1873; a version of a part of it, called *Life's a Dream*, had been published in 1856. It is not generally known, I find, that FitzGerald "freely translated" as many as eight plays of Calderon.

Talking of plays, I read in a contemporary that "a Polish lady, Marie Zapolska, has tried the experiment of writing a drama without a single male character in it." This, I should fancy, would be a little monotonous. Even the late Mr. Savile Clarke did not attempt so much as this when he wrote his "Adamless Eden" (included in his volume called *A Little Flutter*), for he permitted the Eden to be invaded by three men in the disguise of pilgrims, and by a "special correspondent" in command of an army. The nearest approach in England to the Polish lady's achievement will be, I should say, the little piece by Mr. Farren Souttar which is to be performed in London at Miss Lydia Thompson's forthcoming benefit. In that all the *personæ* will be female except one.

Mr. Layard's appeal for letters from the pen of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton ought to have the effect of bringing him an abundance of material. So far as my knowledge goes, Mrs. Linton was a very fertile correspondent, finding time to write long epistles even to comparative strangers. The form taken by her handwriting suggests that she was a very rapid penwoman—a character in which Mrs. Oliphant was probably one of her rivals. Mrs. Linton's various publishers probably have a fairly large collection of communications from her—or, if they have not, they ought to have. Publishers should preserve the letters of authors; they usually have literary interest—except when they are discoursing about money!

New editions galore! Dr. William Robertson's *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V., with a View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century*—that, which came out originally a hundred and thirty years ago, must needs want editing, and will get it. Then, Cary's translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*—that dates from 1814, and oh! how oft hath it been re-printed! Scarcely two years have passed since it was re-issued by Messrs. Warne in their handy "Albion" series. Nevertheless, I should imagine that its popularity has of late years been impaired somewhat by the vogue of Longfellow's translation, which is not so readable, but nevertheless has been issued in half-a-dozen or more guises during the past decade. Is it not one of the Best Books of St. Lubbock?

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## A Well-Head of Song.

*The High History of the Holy Graal.* Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. "Temple Classics." 2 vols. (Dent. 1s. 6d. each.)

THERE are many points of view possible and desirable in the consideration of a national epic: for example, one may approach it as a student of folk-lore, as a grammarian, as a comparative critic; but the inevitable and final attitude is that of the plain hearer of a story. Homer is seldom best known by the profound Grecian; when he is, the human heart and not the humane learning of the scholar takes hold of the heroic song. The dismal army of commentators rises like a fog-bank to attest the truth of our dictum. But the Arthurian cycle of legends comes down to us quick with auroral joy and brave with the flash of brands; instinct with high endeavour, and ringing with the "glory of generosity"; crying with a far strong voice out of the springs of English time to us in the main current of our national days. It is impossible for one early conversant with that strenuous and august tongue to coolly parse its sentences, or root for its derivations, or expound its meanings under ranged heads. We refuse to dissect our Lancelot or to number the stones of Tintagel. And as we listen to the latest story that has reached us from those dim years we become again as little children, open-eared and open-eyed, drinking in a marvellous tale in the twilight. The Holy Graal unfolds the high history of its mysterious emprise only to senses exalted into a rapt simplicity of apprehension.

But although we do not propose to discourse of matters that are of interest to none save the pedant in his colder moods, it is fit that the reader should know on the word of its translator from the old French that the "High History" can justly claim an antiquity coeval with our greyest cathedrals, and that it is very probably "the original story of Sir Perceval and the Holy Graal, whole and incorrupt as it left the hands of its first author." Who this happy man may have been is more than doubtful. Dr. Evans makes out an ingenious and closely argued case for assigning the beginning of the thirteenth century as the date of his work. But in spite of the probability of its French origin, we cannot help casting a glance in the direction of Walter Map, and secretly trusting that the Frenchman drew his inspiration from that great man, whom we may call our own, and who, dying about 1216, left the story of Arthur ennobled and spiritualised. We stoutly claim the King and his Knights through all their alien transformations, as of our soil, and we would fain believe that their histories, too, are essentially of this "royme of England." What though the Norman touched them to brighter issues? "Saxon, and Dane, and Norman are we."

But passing over the origin of this century of sacred wonders, let us sit down and turn its pages. As we look over them in the delicious first tasting of a book that every reader loves so well, our blood prickles to the authentic thrill of Faery and Chivalry, and the eye again and again alights upon passages of piercing sweetness or of the trumpet's "high disdain." The recital begins with solitary flutings as of the notes of an organ: "Hear ye the history of the most holy vessel that is called Graal, wherein the precious blood of the Saviour was received on the day that He was put on rood." And here, and there, and everywhere such sentences as these lure us to the Quest. "In the midst was an ancient tower that was compassed round of great waters and broad meadowlands." "And he entereth into a great forest adventurous." "They hurle against each other so grimly that their eyes sparkle as it were of stars in their heads." When we settle to the orderly reading of the book we find ourselves, although on

ground to which we are not strangers, in an atmosphere more rarified than that of the *Mort d'Arthur*. There is less of mystery in it and more of awe: objects stand out clean and sharp; but what we lose in vague wonder and shadowy splendour we gain in a frank and pregnant solemnity as of a spring-dawn, austere and cloudless. The conduct of the story, too, is poles apart from Malory's method. In his book all is inconclusive and visionary: the web of events is dissolved like gossamer at a touch of capricious destiny. Knights and damsels come and go like motes in the sun, or waver into forgetfulness like snow-flakes in the wind. But in the *High History of the Graal* causes march forward to an ordained effect. When a knight crosses the reader's path, let him cunningly note the knightly blazon, for he will meet the shield and its bearer again.

But, notwithstanding this comparative clearness and precision, he who should set forth the argument of the romance through all its "branches" and "master-branches" would undertake a tangled and a barren task. It is neither plot nor individual character that here charms our attention, though both in an archaic sense are sufficiently defined. It is that the fortunate reader, while following the lives of men and women, follows them only upon the heroic plane, and upon an heroic plane so far removed, and yet so familiar to his own feet, that he stands like a man who, tramping the autumn stubble in his native fields, should see by intimate miracle his own boy face among the unyellowed wheat, dabbled with fragrant showers, and transfigured with the glory of the rainbow. As we read, our single sight returns, and for the nonce truth and honour, valour and chastity, worship and reverence, and wonder and delight, are matters that import us greatly. The dross and impediments of our soiled spirits fall away, and we walk upon morning mountains.

It is to be gratefully acknowledged that not a little of the magic of this magical book flows from the pen of the translator. Upon almost every occasion he is master of his English, the English of Sir Thomas Malory, with a not discreditable difference. Justice cannot be done to its qualities in scanty extracts, yet it would be unjust not to quote. We must premise that we have chosen these passages almost at random, and that there are many as good:

Thereupon, Lancelot departeth from the hermitage and rideth on until he cometh forth of the forest, and findeth a waste land, a country broad and long wherein wonned neither beast nor bird, for the land was so poor and parched that no victual was to be found therein. Lancelot looketh before him, and seeth a city appear far away. Thither rideth he full speed and seeth that the city is so great that it seemeth him to encompass a whole country. He seeth the walls that are falling all around, and the gates ruined with age. He entereth within, and findeth the city all void of folk, and seeth the great palaces fallen down and waste, and the great graveyards full of sepulchres, and the tall churches all lying waste, and the markets and exchanges all empty.

The King seeth the chapel of St. Augustine and the right fair hermitage. Thitherward goeth he and alighteth, and it seemeth him that the hermit is apparelled to sing the mass. He reineth up his horse to the bough of a tree by the side of the chapel and thinketh to enter therein, but had it been to conquer all the kingdoms of the world, thither might he not enter, albeit there was none made him denial thereof, for the door was open and none saw he that might forbid him. Sore ashamed is the King thereof. Howbeit, he beholdeth an image of our Lord that was there within and crieth Him of Mercy right sweetly and looketh toward the altar. And he looketh at the Holy Hermit that was robed to sing mass and said his *Confiteor*, and seeth at his right hand the fairest Child that ever he had seen, and He was clad in an alb, and had a golden crown on his head, loaded with precious stones that gave out a full great brightness of light. On the left-

hand side was a Lady so fair that all the beauties of the World might not compare them with her beauty. When the holy hermit had said his *Confiteor* and went to the altar, the Lady also took her Son, and went to sit upon the right-hand side towards the altar upon a right rich chair and set her Son upon her knees and began to kiss Him full sweetly and saith: "Sir," saith she, "you are my Father, and my Son, and my Lord, and guardian of me and of all the world." King Arthur heareth the words and seeth the beauty of the Lady and of the Child, and marvelleth much of this that She should call Him her Father and her Son. He looketh at a window behind the altar and seeth a flame come through at the very instant that mass was begun, clearer than any ray of sun nor moon nor star, and evermore it threw forth a brightness of light such that and all the lights in the world had been together it would not have been the like. And it is come down upon the altar. King Arthur seeth it, who marvelleth him much thereof. But sore it irketh him of this that he may not enter therewithin, and he heareth, there where the holy hermit was singing the mass, right fair responses, and they seem him to be the responses of angels.

But we must take leave of old Romance and descend to earth again. And having touched it, may we raise a solitary voice, as of one crying in the wilderness, against what many readers may cherish as a fit embellishment of the book? We acknowledge the literary value and the artistic curiosity of the work of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, but we would protest, amid the chorus of praise, against his realisation of the actors in the Arthurian legend. His Knights are *not* the Knights of the Table Round, and scarce one of them could "back a steed" or "shake a spear." When the King mounts his charger, "he planteth himself so stiffly in the stirrups that he maketh the saddle-bows creak again, and the destrier stagger under him that was right stout and swift." And Sir Percival, "the chaste knight of most holy lineage, hath a head of gold, the look of a lion, a heart of steel, and the body of an elephant." These are the true heroes of chivalric story; and to get at the essence of the chivalry he illustrated we must forget a great deal of Sir E. Burne-Jones, unless, indeed, we prefer him to the truth, which in this, as in so many cases, is the sheer poetry of the matter.

### The Quaker Poet.

*The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.* Edited by W. Garrett Horder. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the first complete edition of John Greenleaf Whittier's poetical works issued in this country. It is a reprint of the "Cambridge" edition issued in America in 1894. That edition comprised the large "Riverside" collection of the poet's works, and also the poems gathered in the small posthumous volume *At Sundown*, and certain poems printed by Mr. S. T. Pickard (not "Packard," as printed in Mr. Horder's preface). We have, therefore, in a handy volume, the whole body of Whittier's verse. Mr. Horder has appended a number of useful, unobtrusive notes, all of which are necessary to English readers. The result is a volume for which many will feel profoundly grateful.

The poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier is not great poetry, but it has the merit of being personal in every line. Whittier wrote as he lived: his poetry is himself. You see his Quaker ancestors shaping his thoughts: they had suffered in the wicked persecutions of Endicott, and each wrong which he saw done under the sun reminded him of his fathers' days of bitterness. A Quaker and a lover of peace, he was yet a fighter at heart. The energy of his Anti-Slavery verse is that of a man who was hardly withheld by conscience from taking up the sword. He confessed, indeed, that "something of the grim Berserker spirit" was in him. Note how, in one of his national songs, "Massachusetts to Virginia," the Quaker

poet disclaims war and states a cause for war in one hot breath:

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels, you've hunted for our lives;  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;

We leave ye with your bondmen to wrestle, while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given

For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;  
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!  
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!

But this was only one—the most positive—side of Whittier's character. He was also a home-loving man, and was rooted in the soil of New England. Growing up in an old farmhouse in the valley of the Merrimac, his imagination was awakened by his father's stories, and was fed by the visits of humpbacks and gypsies, and by the traditions and village terrors which in after years he loved to stir up and play with. Moreover, the piety of his parents and the knowledge that he came of a clean, God-fearing race sank into his heart and made him a good man. In his beautiful poem, "Snow-bound," Whittier has enshrined these influences. We call this poem beautiful, not because it is technically so, or, indeed, poetically remarkable, but because it renders the sanctities of home life and the impressions of childhood with a force and felicity which we may seek in vain among similar attempts. Take these lines out of many:

We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back—  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

We sped the time with stories old,  
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
Or stammered from our school-book lore  
"The Chief of Gambia's Golden Shore."

Our father rode again his ride  
On Memphremagog's wooded side;  
Sat down again to moose and sump  
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;  
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;  
Again for him the moonlight shone  
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away,  
And mingled in its merry whirl  
The grandam and the laughing girl.

Whittier's choice would have been to live quietly and write verse. But there could be no peace for him when once his sympathies had been enlisted for the negro slaves. He went into the fight, and for many years lent his pen, not primarily to the Muse, but to Liberty. It was of himself that he wrote:

And one there was, a dreamer born,  
Who, with a mission to fulfil,  
Had left the Muse's haunts to turn  
The crank of an opinion-mill.



Having turned his crank, and won a laurel crown which will not wither just yet, Whittier returned to the plan that had pleased his boyish thought. He gave himself to Nature and to Poetry. The bright Merrimac, the salt sea meadows of Hampton, the wet levels encircling Salisbury, the hills of Newbury rising out of farm lands, and the nestling hamlets of New England, called him and were answered. Here is one of his realised landscapes:

I see, far southward, this quiet day,  
The hills of Newbury rolling away.

Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
The hills curve round like a bended bow;  
A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
I see the shine of the Quasycung;  
And, round and round, over valley and hill,  
Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill;  
And glimpses of chimneys, and gabled eaves,  
Through green elm arches and maple leaves—  
Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man.

Whittier's latter years were idyllic. He had fame and friends. He was an honoured figure in that fair New England band of writers which included Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes. Few poems of Whittier's are better known than his address "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," in which not a little of the poet's life is gathered up. We quote a few verses:

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,  
In differing moods and ways  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless or vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,  
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed or late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.

No man grew old more gracefully than Whittier, but that is a poor way of describing the long, calm sun-down of the poet's life. Of his poetry as a whole it may be said that its charm is never insufficient. It is for ever reinforced by the man behind it—"an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." In such cases criticism lays aside its pen. For the warm, firm pressure of a good man's hand is felt in Whittier's verse, and when he speaks of his faith, and discloses his inmost thoughts, we are silent and grateful. Thus in his "Eternal Goodness" Whittier speaks to all world-weary men and women as few poets have done—for he speaks as poet and saint. We conclude by quoting a few of those unforgettable lines:

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore,

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

### A Translator-General.

*Suetonius' History of the Twelve Cæsars.* Translated into English by Philemon Holland. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 2 vols. "Tudor Translations." (Nutt. 24s.)

MR. WHIBLEY is eminently a fighting man; but we imagine that we are by no means the only readers who prefer him in his less combative moods. And to our thinking he is quite at his best in such interpretative essays as he is called upon to contribute to the present number of the "Tudor Translations." The great writers of "insolent Greece and haughty Rome" have long ago laid their spell upon his admiration, and of all modernity the brocaded homespun of the Elizabethan translators seems to be nearest to his heart. His present study, which summarises the essential to be said both upon Philemon Holland and Suetonius, is quite felicitous. Mr. Whibley wears his erudition lightly, and he is a past-master in the art of presenting the kernel of a biography and the soul of a criticism in a dozen fascinating pages. It is our only complaint that in dealing with Philemon Holland excess of sympathy has led him into a pitfall of sentimentalism where we should have thought he, of all men, would have found himself supremely uncomfortable. "Was he not," says he of Philemon at Coventry, "the kindly physician, who healed not for money, but for healing's sake? So he tended the sick in charity and grew poor. Wherever the pestilence raged, or fever burned, there went Holland, bringing with him the comfort of medicine and good counsel." Now read Holland himself in the preface to Suetonius, written, of course, in 1606, before he exchanged the occupation of a physician for that of a schoolmaster:

Madame, the late pestilence in Coventrie, which occasioned my translation, &c., of this Historie, moved me also, in part, to addresse the same unto your Honour.

For being altogether restrained then, from free practise of my profession abroad, and no lesse impatient of idleness at home, I could not readily think of a better course to spend that vacation than in an Argument having a reference to mine old Grammaticall Muses, and according, in some sort, with my later studies in Physick. What houres, therefore, either the doubtful or diseased estate of my neighbours, together with the meditations of mine own mortalitie, would afford, I employed gladly in the said subject.

The last sentence is somewhat ambiguous; but it is clearly an odd sort of "kindly physician" that finds a time of pestilence a "vacation"; and "meditations of mine own mortalitie" are dangerous companions in such a crisis.

Nevertheless, both Philemon Holland and Suetonius are well worthy of Mr. Whibley's art. Fuller proclaimed Holland "the Translator-Generall in his age"; and though posterity may, perhaps, elect to prefer the racy subject-matter of Florio, or the unparalleled splendour of the style of North, still, the thorough excellence of Holland's workmanship, and the row of noble folios—Livius, Plutarch, Pliny, Suetonius, Camden's *Britannia*, Ammianus Marcellinus, the *Cyropædia*—which testify to

his untiring industry, entitle him to every respect from a less tough-brained modern. Mr. Whibley paints the old usher for us from his engraved portrait:

White hair and beard frame an oval face, and a large ruff encircles the scholar's neck. Small eyes, a fat nose, a lofty brow, an air of gravity—these are the outward characteristics of Philemon Holland. A quill-pen, held in his right hand, is a proper symbol of his devotion to letters. And as his portrait shows him, so we know him to have ambled through life. . . . His godson, after the gossiping fashion of the time, confided to Anthony à Wood a sketch of manifest truth. "His intellectuals and his senses," wrote Philemon Angel, "remained perfect until the eighty-fourth year of his age; and more especially his sight so good, that he never used spectacles in all his life; he was always of a spare and temperate diet, and seldom drank between meals. And was always of a peaceable and quiet spirit; and his life so innocent that he was never in all his days either plaintiff or defendant in any suit at law in any court (though he suffered sometimes by it). As a scholar he was a most reserved man, most indefatigable in his study, saying often that there was no greater burden than idleness." He drank not between meals, and never wore spectacles—these are the details, so well understood in the heyday of biography, which mark off a man from all his fellows.

Mr. Whibley dedicates his volumes to Mr. Rhodes, who, by the way, once informed an interviewer that he has already a complete collection of specially executed type-written translations of the classics in the library of his palace at the Cape. And the propriety of the dedication becomes manifest when you reflect on the character of Suetonius' work. For a Suetonius, with his remorseless exposure of the follies and weaknesses of the great, is the avenging angel who awaits those that make for empire. He has not, as Mr. Whibley points out, the supreme tragic sense of Tacitus; but his biographies vignette the seamy side of the Roman court in a fashion far more convincing than that of Juvenal, simply because they are dictated not by *sæva indignatio*, but by a very human and very commonplace love of prying into corners and raking to light that which had better remain hidden. For the real greatness of the Roman Empire, for its slow dissemination of peace and justice within wide frontiers, he has no eye. He writes history as a valet—from the vantage-ground of the ante-chamber. It is a prurient and grovelling realism. And therefore, for all his extraordinary power of portraiture, it is but a grudging gratitude, in the end, that he extorts from us. Nevertheless, he has the power. He, too, like Philemon Angel, knew what are the details which mark off a man from his fellows. He never omits the wart. Of Augustus he tells us that "in his old age he saw not very well with his left eye. His teeth grew thin in his head and the same were small and ragged." And again: "Hee delighted most in Rhetian wine; and seldome dranke hee in the day time. In steede of drinke hee tooke a sop of bread soaked in colde water; or a peece of coucumber, or a young leetuce head, or else some new gathered apple, sharpe and tart, standing much upon a winish liquour within it."

The Suetonius type of mind is anything but extinct, and Mr. Rhodes must beware lest some budding Dutch realist may not have an unsparing eye upon his down-sitting and uprising for a similar purpose.

### Scots "Makaris."

*Scottish Vernacular Literature.* By T. F. Henderson. (Nutt. 6s.)

*Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland.* By Robert Ford. (Gardner. 5s. net.)

MR. HENDERSON, as the coadjutor of Mr. Henley in the *Centenary Burns*, has shared the rancour of the "common Burnsites," and has commended himself, by patient industry

and critical accuracy, to the attention of scholars. The "succinct history" of Scottish vernacular literature, which he has now given us, is another excellent piece of work. To it he has brought a learning without pedantry, an appreciation which avoids the pitfall of sentimentalism, and a morality which never forgets to be humane. We do not know where to look for a fuller, a more well-informed, or a more racy account of the "makaris," or for a juster estimate of their qualities and defects, and of the place which, historically and critically, they hold in literature. We have girded somewhat of late at the multiplication of literary summaries and handbooks. But this particular volume is no superfluous one. So far as we are aware, it is without serious rivals on its own ground, and the material which it embraces admits of adequate treatment within its limits, without undue compression. Moreover, within the last few years, at least three vexed questions concerning Scottish vernacular literature have arisen, each of which has given rise to a considerable controversy, which naturally falls to be summed up in Mr. Henderson's pages. We propose briefly to follow him through each of these. The first is the doubt raised by Mr. J. T. T. Brown as to the authenticity of the *Kingis Quair*, traditionally ascribed to King James the First. Here, like almost every scholar who has approached the question, other than Mr. Brown, Mr. Henderson gives his allegiance to the conservative view; and where so much depends on a nice sense of opposing probabilities, it must be admitted that numbers tell. Prof. Skeat, M. Jusserand, Prof. Saintsbury, Mr. Rait—whose admirable pamphlet on the subject Mr. Henderson might have referred to—and now Mr. Henderson himself: that makes a redoubtable array for even so well-equipped a controversialist as Mr. Brown to contend against. Mr. Henderson, however, seems to us to weaken his case by attributing also to James the First *At Bellayne* and *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, ascriptions in which we fancy he stands, amongst competent critics, alone.

The second point of interest is in the diverging theories as to the origin of that considerable mass of ballad literature which fills so large a space in Prof. Child's magnificent *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and is to many minds, after Burns, the most characteristic expression of the Scottish Muse. The view of Motherwell that some, at least, of the ballads are of immemorial antiquity, and in some cases almost contemporary with the historical events which they profess to relate, may perhaps be neglected. And the majority of scholars would probably agree with the theory of Prof. Courthope, that the ballads, as we have them, are derived from antecedent romances; are, in fact, the *debris* of romance, composed and hawked about the country by wandering singers in the decay of minstrelsy. Mr. Henderson himself accepts this theory with certain modifications, and runs a tilt at the opposing theory of Mr. Andrew Lang and one or two others, who hold that the ballads are folk-literature rather than minstrel literature; that they "spring from the very heart of the people, and flit from age to age, from life to life, of shepherds, peasants, nurses, of all the class that continues nearest to the natural state of man"; that they "make music with the flash of the fisherman's oar, with the hum of the spinning-wheel, and keep time with step of the ploughman as he drives his team." Mr. Lang puts his case as prettily as possible, but we own to agreeing with Prof. Courthope and Mr. Henderson that it is not really a well-founded one. It seems to rest on an imperfect appreciation of the difference between primitive and merely degraded types of poetry, and of the low vitality of all folk-song in the presence of a minstrel class. Everywhere, we suppose, the folk in the morning of its days, has composed the words and melodies of its own festal carols and rude heroic lays; but everywhere, surely, it has practically ceased to do so, as soon as it had someone else—a professional minstrel, in fact—to do the thing for it.



Thirdly, we look with natural interest for Mr. Henderson's last word on the clangorous subject of Burns. Without going deeply into controversial issues, he maintains the chief positions already occupied by his colleague in the famous essay. He scoffs at the "blind encomium" of the village enthusiast and dwells on an "exuberant vitality" as the determining force in Burns's career for good and for bad.

But this noble faculty, this exuberant physical and mental vitality, was to spend itself very largely in beating against the walls of its prison-house. At the outset it was to be all but fatally injured by the iron drudgery of Mount Oliphant—a drudgery which, as he said, combined the "cheerless gloom of a hermit with the ceaseless toil of a galley slave"; and which left behind debilities and tendencies that were bound to evince themselves in some form, and do much to explain his restless craving for excitement, and for those "violent delights" which

"have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die."

Nor, apart from its undue straining in his earlier years, was he ever in circumstances where it did not suffer, more or less, from the tedium and harm of repression; and thus it acted too much as a mere fever in the blood, and never became the fully beneficent influence either to himself or the world that it might have been amid more congenial surroundings, and with free scope for its employment and full expansion.

On the question, again, of Burns's relations to his predecessors, Mr. Henderson has little to do but to reiterate conclusions already formed and formulated. That Burns modelled himself on the old "makaris," and on such modern reproducers of their spirit as Sempill, Ramsay, and Ferguson; that much of his success in the vernacular was due to the inheritance of traditional peasant lyric into which by industrious research and affinity of spirit he had entered: these things the *Centenary Burns* has taught us, in spite of the Burnsites, and it is largely owing to Mr. Henderson's pains that we take them now for gospel.

There are other points in Mr. Henderson's pages over which we would gladly dwell: his full and sympathetic treatment, for instance, of such masters as Dunbar, Henderson, and Alexander Scott, or his general picture of that glorious fifteenth century in which, while England was stifled and throttled in the toils of civil war, it was left for the Scottish disciples of Chaucer to carry on most faithfully, and yet with most originality, the traditions of the master. With James the Sixth and First, the exodus to England, and the fully established authority of the Kirk, the great period of Scottish vernacular literature, the age of the "makaris," comes to an end. Of the derivative eighteenth century reaction, which Ramsay began and Burns illustrated, Mr. Henderson, with a true sense of the proportion of things, treats but briefly.

Those who find the matter worth pursuing may supplement his chapters with the collection of popular ballads and songs made by Mr. Robert Ford. These are such as "have been the familiar entertainment of the country people of Scotland during three-quarters of the nineteenth century." Some of these are already to be found in standard collections of songs, but the larger number now appear in book form for the first time. Mr. Ford has gathered them with patient research from obscure publications, the kindness of correspondents, and the lips of the peasantry themselves. To each he has added such historical and bibliographical data as he could get together, and in some cases he has been able to print the melodies which traditionally accompany the words. There is picking in the collection, both of humour and sentiment; but, on the whole, it confirms us in the opinion that the best of this kind has been gathered together long ago. Nor can many of the songs boast any great antiquity. Where Mr. Ford is able to give the date of composition, it generally falls within the last hundred years.

### Thin.

*The Green Window.* By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Leonard Smithers. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book has an air about it. It is slim and tall, and its title and appearance are oracular. But why the *green window*? The window we can understand, because Mr. O'Sullivan surveys life, and speaks his mind on it. Greenness suggests youth, and we hope that this book is a youthful effort; other fitness there seems to be none. The table of contents next excites our wonder. It presents a long, perpendicular ribbon of monosyllables, as "Sob," "Same," "White," "Vah," "Crave," "Have," "Glide": such being the titles of some of the essays (twenty-five in all) of which the book is composed. However, these are small matters; a sage may be allowed his cabalistic signs and dried alligators. The book's the thing.

The book is a hurtling fragment of pessimism. Its keynote is struck in these lines from the opening essay:

In this struggle things are not noble or base; they are merely expedient. Every man, however fair-spoken, has in mind some secret advantage: he is for himself, and therefore against you. You must cross I's with him. Your part is to have your I out of the scabbard before he can get his well in hand. Sweet words and actions are but brilliant parries; affection is a snare; and you will be wise to regard all protests of sincerity with suspicion, since humanity tends to the vile.

Well, well! many an optimist and cheery liver has said as much; for life will stand a vast amount of battering and abuse and still seem worth living. In one of his most beautiful poems Matthew Arnold sees life as a darkling plain "where ignorant armies clash by night"; wherefore "Let us cling together, love." Alas! our new mentor tells us:

The moment you love you become a slave. . . . Whatever it may be that you love, it becomes the black care that rides behind your saddle. So if you would be free, it were well to come early to the late conclusion of the soured King worn with pleasure, that every affection is vanity.

It will be seen that, to use a vulgarism, Mr. O'Sullivan has it pretty bad. But that remark about the soured king exposes the weakness of his oracles. He does not see that the knowledge of the vanity of all things is an individual matter. Solomon had to go through a life of opportunity and experiment to learn it, and then he discovered it only for himself, and by no means for the young satrap at his side. It is not possible to come early to a conclusion which is the accompaniment of physical decay and is then commonly transmuted into a comfort. Still less is it possible for Mr. O'Sullivan to impart it to healthy minds.

Books like this are idle things. To tell a youth not to trust men or love women is merely to tell him not to go on living. For to live is to do both. The depth of Mr. O'Sullivan's philosophy may be judged by the following passage:

If you have ambitions or a plan, you may do any task however dulling and still respect yourself, since it will not last for always; but to sweat at some mean work, to be the scourge of a master, merely for trivial comforts, such as maintaining a suburban cottage, or a seat in church, or a broadcloth coat, is the most servile of degradations. Better be the pariah-dog who wanders where he listeth, or the gypsy to whom none can say, "I order you." I have often looked at old third or fourth clerks in the counting-houses of the city merchants, and wondered how, when they were young and their blood was still hot, they had been content to help somebody else to grow rich and powerful, while they saw nothing for themselves beyond the place of third or fourth clerk, and death. Now they are silly and obsequious, or weakly arrogant; their faces are the white flags of their unwholesome surrender.

A third or fourth clerk who in the beginning of his career had seen nothing but that goal would not be even a

third or fourth clerk. But life is not so lived or weighted down. And the suburban cottage and broadcloth coat are, after all, the necessary things, and far better than that feckless liberty of ferocious pessimism which Mr. O'Sullivan would apparently have preferred that the budding clerk should embrace.

In conclusion, Mr. O'Sullivan gives his readers these alternatives: "Either you hate me because I have shown you the bodkin truth so nakedly that the blood has tingled in your cheek, or you applaud me for not throwing over the figure of truth the gaudy veil of hypocrisy." We neither hate Mr. O'Sullivan nor applaud him. We smile.

### The Drama in Three Volumes.

*A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne.* By Adolphus William Ward, Litt. D., Hon. LL.D. New Edition. 3 vols. (Macmillan. 36s.)

DR. WARD'S treatise first appeared almost a quarter of a century ago, and it at once took rank as a standard authority. Since then a generation of vigorous studies in England, America, and the Continent upon the English drama had left it somewhat in the rearward of research, and Dr. Ward's announcement of his intention to bring it thoroughly up to date was a welcome one. The revision has been a very searching one; the quantity of new matter to be added was considerable; and, though Dr. Ward has left "the plan of the whole unaltered," and has abstained "from recasting either general or particular conclusions, except when they have been modified by maturer consideration," yet the opening up of fresh sources of information has necessarily resulted in the rewriting of whole chapters or large portions of chapters. The total outcome is a work precisely half as large again in bulk—three volumes for two—as its predecessor, and the disappearance of the more theoretical summary of the whole subject, with which Dr. Ward formerly prefaced his chronicle.

Taken for all in all, then, the substantial qualities of the new book are those of the old book when it first appeared: *mutatis mutandis*, its merits and demerits in relation to the study of the English drama as a whole are materially unaltered. Those qualities and merits are of solidity rather than brilliance. Dr. Ward is a patient and conscientious scholar; he grinds through and digests all the literature that comes in his way; his facts are accurate and clearly stated; his analyses are laborious and complete; his theories and criticisms not fantastic. He gives you an excellent common-sense history, an invaluable work of reference; but it is not a great book. It would not, we think, be possible to read it through from beginning to end, for it lacks the saving grace of style; and it would hardly be desirable, for the wealth of detailed narrative and comment is imperfectly subordinate to that expression of dominant, of master ideas, which, apart from style, alone renders a book of the kind imperishable.

So far as practical value goes, the most useful part of the history is probably that which deals with Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and the seventeenth century dramatists, down to Shirley, and then again with the Restoration dramatists down to Queen Anne; for here Dr. Ward is covering ground which is adequately covered by no other writer known to us. But the biography of Shakespeare is good, even beside Mr. Lee's, and in the detailed studies of the individual Shakespeare plays, their sources and their literature, Dr. Ward gives something which falls outside Mr. Lee's scope. The chapters on the earlier Elizabethan dramatists are good too, though, except for a little later information, they do not quite come up to John Addington Symonds' *Shakespeare's Predecessors*. On the other hand, in dealing with the *origines*, with the possible

secular drama of minstrelsy, with the germ of religious drama in the liturgy play, and its development into the full-blown miracle-play, Dr. Ward is at his worst. We should conjecture that questions of *origines* do not much interest him, and that he has not taken the trouble to master the very considerable literature—mostly, of course, French or German—which the last decade or so has produced on the subject. This section of his book is very distinctly inferior, even as a discussion of the distinctively English *data* is markedly inferior to Creizenach's volume on the mediæval and early Renaissance drama, a work which, though it was published as long ago as 1893, Dr. Ward does not appear to have used. For the matter of that he seems to have made no use of Petit de Julleville's several important works, or of Lange's collection of Easter plays, or of Wirth's work on the same subject, or of Cloetta's interesting study on the history of the notion's "Comedy" and "Tragedy" in the Middle Ages. The nature of a trope and its importance as the starting-point of the religious drama has dawned upon him, late and imperfectly, in an appendix, while of the Benedictine Winchester office of the Sepulchre or of the Dublin Resurrection play he knows nothing. And he innocently reproduces some good old crusted errors, of which we vainly hoped to have seen the last. We have not space to go into these in detail: let it stand for an example that he is beguiled by the authority of an ignorant antiquary into translating *sacrae paginae professor* not "professor of holy scripture," which of course is its real significance, but "professor of holy pageantry." However, the most learned scholar cannot be omniscient, and we excuse Dr. Ward's weakness on the mediæval part of his subject for the sake of the really sound work which he has put into the bulk of his book.

### Ten Years of History.

*England in the Age of Wycliffe.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans. 15s.)

APPARENTLY it takes two of his sons to sustain Sir George Trevelyan's double achievement in politics and history, for almost simultaneously Mr. C. P. Trevelyan is elected to Parliament and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan—who has indeed fulfilled another of his father's ideals by becoming a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—presents his first treatise. *England in the Age of Wycliffe* is true to the traditions of the house, alike in its sustained and excellent literary quality and in the spirit of Protestant Whiggism which informs it. We do not mean that Mr. Trevelyan, dealing with one of the great transition periods, is unfair or prejudiced against mediævalism, for, indeed, mediævalism was on its last legs when Wycliffe came, and perhaps it would not be easy to speak too hardly of it. What we mean is that Mr. Trevelyan's instinct is to look forward, and not back. His eye is on the new spirit which was abroad at the end of the fourteenth century, and which, though the strong hand of Henry V. kept it in abeyance for a while, was ultimately to blossom forth in Reformation and Revolution. Upon the glories of the great system crumbling to decay he hardly pauses to throw a sympathetic glance of retrospect. The book deals with the statics of history rather than its progress. The actual period covered by the narrative is very short, about ten years—from the beginning of the Good Parliament to the final disappearance of John of Gaunt. The chief events dealt with are the career of that unscrupulous and self-seeking statesman, the Peasants' Rising, and the appearance of one of the great personalities of English history in John Wycliffe. Around these three points of interest Mr. Trevelyan builds up a quite admirable picture of the whole civilisation of the day in its threefold aspects—political, social, and religious. He has thoroughly succeeded in indicating the volcanic nature of the forces at work in the endless task of unmaking and



remaking society and the somewhat complex cross-currents of their interaction. The account of the Peasants' Rising is particularly interesting. Mr. Trevelyan has had the advantage of using the detailed studies of the matter by M. André Réville and Mr. Edgar Powell, and has also been able, with Mr. Powell's help, to unearth a good deal of hitherto unutilised material in the Record Office. His narrative is at once the fullest and the most intelligible with which we are acquainted, and is moreover written with singular vigour and picturesqueness. The treatment of Wycliffe is also very full and discriminating, and his unique position as at once mediæval schoolman and precursor of the Reformation is well brought out. In studying the effects of Wycliffe's teaching Mr. Trevelyan does not confine himself to the strict limits of his period, but traces the growth and influence of Lollardy down to the sixteenth century itself. The book is one which seems to us equally meritorious from the point of view of the professed student and that of the general reader.

## Other New Books.

CROMWELL TO WELLINGTON. ED. BY SPENSER WILKINSON.

This is a big book of big interest: a kind of solemn roll-call of our greatest soldiers. And there is more unity in the work than appears at first sight. These twelve lives of soldiers, written by as many different hands, are edited under the leading idea that they shall present "a picture of the British army at work during the century and a half in which the Army helped the Navy to make Great and Greater Britain what they have been since men now living can remember." The lives chosen are those of Cromwell, Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, Clive, Coote, Heathfield, Abercromby, Lake, Baird, Moore, Wellington. A portrait of each soldier is given, and there are many plans of battles and sieges, military sketches, &c., to assist the reader. A notable feature of the book is the Introduction by Lord Roberts. It is interesting, for instance, to find Lord Roberts assigning to Marlborough "the foremost place in the roll of British commanders." He says of the victor of Blenheim:

His splendid military genius was united with an almost unparalleled evenness of temper, and a regard for, and sympathy with, his troops, which earned for him a devotion scarcely less than that which the Tenth Legion felt for Cæsar, or the Old Guard for Napoleon. From a moralist's point of view, Marlborough's character was not faultless, but as a General he had few equals and no superior. He never fought a battle which he did not win, never besieged a city which he did not take, and, in spite of obstructive allies and jealous Continental rivals, he curbed the aggression of France, and restored the balance of power in Europe.

The lives lend themselves with varying fitness to the short treatment they receive (say forty pages each) in this volume. Where the interest of a man's career centres in a single incident or campaign, as in the cases of Wolfe, Lord Heathfield, and Sir John Moore, the literary result is finer than where a long and complicated career has to be surveyed. But the book admirably fulfils its purpose, and there is hardly a biography in it which does not bring into relief the importance of sea-power, and the vital bond which makes our Army and Navy not only sister services in name, but the indispensable complements of each other. Certainly in no book with which we are acquainted is so much military genius discussed with so much military knowledge. (Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d.)

THE PARSON'S HANDBOOK. BY THE REV. PERCY DEARMER.

This book is clearly born of the times. Its express object, indeed, is "to help, in however humble a way, towards remedying the lamentable confusion, lawlessness, and vulgarity which are conspicuous in the Church at this

time." Mr. Dearmer does not use the words confusion, lawlessness, and vulgarity without meaning them. He proceeds to account for the presence of these evils *seriatim*, and to argue that the cure for them is to be found in a more loyal obedience to the Prayer Book. With great force and earnestness Mr. Dearmer sets himself to show that the Ornaments Rubric, which orders that the ornaments which were in use in 1548 are to be retained, is to be taken to mean exactly what it says, and to be obeyed accordingly. Its application is another matter; and here Mr. Dearmer sees great merit in the recommendation of the present Archbishop of York, that questions of ceremonial should be settled by a committee of experts to which all loyal Churchmen could look for guidance. We can but refer those whom it concerns to this very sound little book. And those who are repelled by the intricacy of the subject may do well to consider the following neat anticipation of their mood:

Ceremonial directions often appear, at first sight, to be over-minute. But all the manners of our everyday life are governed by rules quite as elaborate; only, being instructed in them from our earliest childhood, we do not notice them. Let anyone write out a paper of directions for the conduct of a South Sea Islander at a London dinner-party, and he will find that the most meticulous ceremonies ever held in a church are far outdistanced. And yet a person who simplifies the ceremonial of the dinner-table over-much becomes obviously disgusting in his behaviour.

Having discussed the subject of ritual in relation to present disputes and conditions, Mr. Dearmer proceeds to expound the proper character of the Choir, the Nave, the Altar, Vestments, Ornaments, the various services, and the administration of Holy Communion. Mr. Dearmer has probably rendered a real service to the Church by this cogent and temperate little work. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

TUSCAN ARTISTS.

BY HOPE REA.

These notes, by a very competent student of Italian art, are addressed to the traveller who desires to appreciate intelligently the masterpieces among which, for a few brief holiday weeks, his lot is cast. They are not exhaustive, but take up and elucidate by careful comparison and sympathetic criticism some half-dozen of the innumerable points to which attention might profitably be directed. Thus in one chapter Miss Rea traces the influence first of architecture, then of the goldsmith's work, in determining the character of Tuscan painting, and especially of Botticelli; in the next, Fra Angelico, as an idealist, is compared with Luca Signorelli, as a realist, and the significance of either in the realm of art considered. Then follows an account of the manner in which the two tendencies ultimately became fused—on the one hand, in Raphael; on the other, in the great Venetians. A study of the mediæval artist as a story-teller is illustrated from the narrative frescoes of Giotto, Duccio, Carpaccio, and Raphael. Some examples are given of the gradual development, along traditional lines, of such traditional subjects as the Creation of Man, the Crucifixion, the Cenacolo. And, finally, a closing chapter contains a careful study of the great tabernacle which Orcagna made for Daddi's Madonna in Or San Michele. On the whole, an unassuming but thoughtful and suggestive little book, which should be particularly useful to those who desire to approach Italian art from the side of idea, as well as that of technique. (Redway. 5s. net.)

SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD II. ED. BY A. W. VERITY.

This is one of the best of Mr. Verity's excellent little editions of plays of Shakespeare. The Introduction is full and pleasantly written, and should help the student to arrive at a genuine critical sense of the value and beauty of the play, as well as of its position in literary history. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Verity's critical

exposition is that perhaps more stress might have been laid upon the shifting of the spectator's sympathy in the course of the play, until in the end it becomes as markedly for Richard as it was originally against him. In one or two points of fact he seems to us a little unsound. Surely there cannot be any serious doubt that Shakespeare's play was the one which figured in Essex's abortive revolution of 1601. And has Mr. Verity quite grasped the nature of the argument to be derived from Daniel's *Civil Wars* in favour of 1595 as the date at which the play was produced? It is that of two editions of the *Civil Wars*, both published in that year, the later has passages bearing close resemblances to passages in "Richard II." which are not found in the former. The glossary and brief notes are all that could be desired; and the plan of putting the relative extracts from Holinshed in an appendix is good. The more that in such editions can be eliminated from the main *indigesta moles* of notes the better. We wish that Mr. Verity could have seen his way to put his metrical comment into another appendix. For a brief statement of the chief laws of Shakespearean rhythm is really a boon to the young student. (Pitt Press)

## THE TALE OF ARCHAIS.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

This is not a very pretty story. The passions and adventures of Charicles and Archaïs are in a sickly, sensuous vein which does not strike us as particularly Hellenic; or if Hellenic, it is Hellenic of the decadence. And when Zeus and Aphrodite intervene, it is in a fashion characteristic enough of their disreputable duties, but barely edifying. However, the "Gentleman of Cambridge," though he has not good taste, has a certain command of facile rhythm. This is a fair sample:

## ARCHAIS.

Cold is the kiss of the stars to the sea,  
The kiss of the earth to the orient grey  
That heralds the day;  
Warmer the kiss of a love that is free  
As the wind of the sea,  
Quick and resurgent and splendid.

## CHARICLES.

Night her bright bow-string has bended:  
Fast flies her arrow unsparing  
Through the beech-leaves,  
Æther it cleaves  
Rapid and daring.  
Ah! how it strikes as with silver! how the  
suns laughter is ended!

But the best thing in the book is the last quatrain of its epilogue:

Now a stream to ford and a stile to clamber;  
Last the inn, a book, and a quiet corner . . .  
Fresh as Spring, there kisses me on the forehead  
Sleep, like a sister.

(Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

## SOME PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

These "human silhouettes" are typical of Paul Bourget at his best, unhampered by the exigencies of plot or by the stress of a romance of great passions. They are the work of a specialist in feminine psychology, an accepted authority on the mind and manners of the aristocrat. Though cast in the mould of fiction, they are veritable *études de psychologie contemporaine*.

It is a common complaint among French critics that Paul Bourget's characters are not typically French. The author of *Cosmopolis* is, indeed, a cosmopolitan. The most lifelike of these portraits of women were sketched in America and Ireland. Never has an American written a more poignant study of the tragedy of the American man of business than is contained in "Two Married Couples";

never has an Irishman given us a better picture of Irish peasantry than is to be found in "Neptune Vale." In reading these brief sketches, one feels that wherever Paul Bourget finds himself he is enabled immediately to watch life from the inside, and, watching, to understand.

Mr. William Marchant's translation is marred by several very ungainly renderings; and it was hardly fair to leave unaltered Paul Bourget's imitations of the Irish accent: "Good marning, sair." (Downey & Co.)

## NEGLECTED FACTORS.

BY REV. JAMES ORR, D.D.

The thesis maintained in these lectures, entitled *Neglected Factors in the Early History of the Church*, is that the study of the early development of the Church has gone unduly to the tracing of the profound influence which its pagan environment had upon Christianity, and that the reaction of Christianity upon paganism itself has consequently been somewhat neglected. Prof. Orr endeavours to show, firstly, that the mere numbers of the Christians in the Roman Empire were greater than has usually been supposed; secondly, that though, on the whole, it remains true that "not many rich, not many mighty," were called, yet the extension of Christianity in the wealthier and more educated classes of Roman society was not inconsiderable; and, thirdly, that the actual influence of Christian teaching and example upon professedly pagan thought and practice has been underestimated. These points he treats with a lucidity of manner and a learning which, if not profound, is at least respectable. In his two first lectures he makes large use of the evidence afforded by the recent excavations of Prof. Lanciani and others in the catacombs of Rome, and he calculates that, instead of the number of Christians in Rome about the middle of the third century being, as Gibbon thought, about a twentieth part of the whole population, it was really, "unless the testimony of the Catacombs has been totally misread, anything between one-third and one-half." In the same way, he dwells on the evidence which several of the crypts yield as to their connexion with members of famous Roman families—with Urania, daughter of Herodes Atticus, for instance, or the illustrious Pomponia Graecina, of whom Tacitus records that she was accused before the Senate on a charge of "foreign superstition." The most interesting, however, of the three lectures is the third, in which Prof. Orr discusses the slow permeation of pagan ethics and literature by Christian influences, and in particular the curious parallelisms between Mithraism, with its Taurobolium, or baptism of blood, and the victorious creed which was destined to outstrip it in the race for the regeneration of humanity. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, 1542-1587.

BY R. S. RAIT.

This is the second volume in the interesting series devoted to "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers." In treating of Mary, Queen of Scots, Mr. Rait has wisely restricted his view to the six dramatic years between Mary's arrival in Scotland in 1561 and her execution. He has also aimed chiefly to place before the reader the evidence for the very divergent views of Mary's character. The book is pleasingly illustrated with views of Linlithgow Palace, Holyrood, Loch Leven Castle, &c. (Nutt. 2s.)

## Spring.

THE dead are raised, blind things behold the sun,  
The sick are healed, joy wakes the slumbering wing,  
Waters of life thro' dreaming valleys run,  
Dumb woods of winter sing.

The spirit of the infinite doth sweep  
Round the wide world of souls—a mighty sea—  
Wave whispers wave, deep calleth unto deep  
Of immortality.

Joseph Truman.



## Fiction.

*The Victim.* Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding.  
(Heinemann.)

WE have before stated our objection to the work of Gabriele d'Annunzio considered as a whole: it is morbidly erotic. Let it be understood that we do not use the term "morbid" lightly—after the manner of those who by temperament oppose all progress in art—as a mere epithet of unreasoned vituperation. We naturally admit that just as physical love and sentimental love form part of life, so they are fit material for literary art; also, that serious and sincere fiction must, in a certain superficial sense and to a certain limited extent, be unpleasant. Many, if not most, of the great novels, even the great English novels, are "unpleasant"; but we cannot find any good reason why d'Annunzio should confine himself—as he does, for example, in the series of novels styled for some weird reason "The Romances of the Rose"—to the narrow and noisome field of sexual-sentimental phenomena.

To assume that his artistic faculty is thus limited would be absurd; his purview is contracted not because he cannot see, but because he will not look. He is a genius, the genius perhaps of a whole continent; his insight is unerring, his vision absolute, and his technical skill unsurpassed. He might write a second *Comédie Humaine*—one which would have style, and a technique of which Balzac never dreamed; instead, he writes thousands of pages about fornication.

The hero of *The Victim* is an adulterer and a cuckold. Even the heroine (exquisite and noble creature though she is) has fallen. The "victim" is the offspring of adultery. And the book is a masterpiece: there can be no blinking of that fact. The reader may writhe, but he is gripped. Given the subject, the treatment is flawless and superb.

D'Annunzio is a young man—we believe considerably under thirty. It is possible, in spite of the apparent maturity of his powers, that his development is yet far from complete; if so, we may hope, not for better, but for different things.

Miss Harding's translation is brilliant.

*A Double Thread.* By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.  
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

IN reading this book one is impelled to ask the question whether the author intends it as a serious presentment of modern manners, or whether the story is merely used as a peg upon which to hang festoons of epigrammatic dialogue.

Here is the story: Jack Le Mesurier is poor, but a rich uncle will bequeath to him vast wealth on the condition that he marries a rich wife. Jack is acquainted with Elfrida Harland, young, beautiful, clever, and worth £15,000 a year. He likes her. But Elfrida's history is a strange one. The granddaughter of a lord, she had a humble father, who died leaving twins, Elfrida and Ethel. The lord consented to adopt one of the twins, provided that her father's family relinquished absolutely all claim upon and connexion with her. This was done. So it happened that the sisters had never seen each other since infancy, and that while Elfrida lived in luxury, Ethel was a poor governess. Now Jack also came to know Ethel, and he preferred Ethel to her sister, and, scorning his uncle's wealth, proposed to the penniless girl and was accepted. The curious thing is that there was no such person as Ethel. The other twin had died at an early age, and Elfrida had impersonated an imaginary poor sister, and lived a double life, in order to make sure that she was

not being wooed for her wealth. Hence Jack, noble fellow, got his uncle's riches after all.

It will be discerned that the plot has elements of the improbable, even of the incredible. Miss Fowler makes no attempt whatever to cope with its difficulties, and the result is that the story carries no conviction. Not even an exceptionally good-natured and lenient reader could believe it.

Leaving out the characterisation, which is of a rather crude "sheep and goats" description, there remains the epigrammatic dialogue—that dialogue which has made Miss Fowler's reputation. There is an immense quantity of it in *A Double Thread*, considerably more than in *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. Some of it is good, much of it is mediocre, almost none of it is relevant; the characters talk for the sake of talking, and their gossip, though it is sometimes entertaining, is a matter entirely apart from the story; moreover, it is scrappy, the topics not being developed. Here is a fair sample:

"Affection is a recreation, not a profession."

"Of course it is. But how many people seem to think that disliking them is on a par with receiving stolen goods or breaking the Sabbath! Now Evelyn never asks anything of her friends except that they shall laugh at her jokes. She says she doesn't even mind if they don't listen, provided that they laugh in the right places."

"She is certainly the least exacting woman I ever met."

"Exacting women are a terrible nuisance," remarked Elfrida; "they expect the impossible, and are in consequence disappointed every time that the inevitable occurs; and the inevitable has a habit of occurring pretty often."

"It would be terrible to marry an exacting woman, don't you think?—one of those exhausting creatures who expect a man to forego his very dinner for the sake of talking to them," said Lord Stonebridge.

"Then don't you believe in the old-fashioned sort of love that one reads about in story-books?"

*A Double Thread* is, of course, a different thing from the average novel. We do not, however, consider it worthy of Miss Fowler's talent. Wit, if only it is good enough, will excuse a thousand shortcomings; but it must be good enough.

*Lone Pine.* By R. B. Townshend.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

WE own a weakness for invincible heroes when they eschew autobiography and inspire the love of not more than one beautiful woman. In the American of this story of New Mexico we have a hero of just the right stuff. He hungers chronically for silver, yet he deals nobly by the "pard" who ruins him. He is a dead shot, but he kills his eleventh Indian in a hand-to-hand grapple. He talks the jargon of conscious bathos by which his countrymen vainly protect themselves from soft emotions, but his innate reverence, the poetry which is in him, remains unimpaired. During the best years of his youth he has thought not at all of women, yet is he capable of chivalry's finest frenzies. There is a "lone pine" in the story, hard by a silver mine of proportions more Klondikely than likely, if the phrase be permitted us. But he who, after braving splendid peril with amazing luck, becomes the inheritor of this treasure is the true lone pine; he it is who "dreams of a lonely palm-tree." Manuelita is her name, and when the treacherous Navajoes abduct her, one is very glad that she has the terror of Whailahay's reputation to preserve her from harm—Whailahay the wonderful old woman, watchful of the treatment of her human sisters, and without whose help no Navajo can cross the dark river. Mr. Townshend evidently knows his Indians, of whom he gives us more pleasant specimens than the Navajoes. The cacique, or head-man, of the Indian pueblo of Santiago enforces the fifth commandment with

the stick in the case of an intractable daughter; but he possesses, despite his impiety towards Whailahay, distinct charm. Describing to the American, who is descanting on the beauty of a certain valley, how his party killed six Navajoes one by one as they emerged from a sweating bath, he observes: "Crack, crack, crack . . . they could not escape. And we took their scalps . . . and brought them home. It was a great triumph. Yes, I do love this valley." And he adds: "We always scored against the Navajoes whenever we had fair play." As we said at the beginning, the hero is of just the right stuff. We like him none the worse because at first it seems as if he were a mere *deus ex machina* to oblige another hero.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. Crockett's new story is a long, thorough-going romance opening in the year 1439, "in the fairest and heartiest spot in all the Scottish southland." That "Mesopotamian" trick of language is very much in evidence throughout the story. Costume and armoury and local colour are here, and the telling words of old. It is a stirring story of fighting and loving and vengeance. When Sholto comes to raise Lanark in aid of the Douglasses he finds the watchman sleepy: "Open, varlet of a watchman, or by Saint Bride I will have you swinging in half an hour from the bars of your own portcullis. I who speak am Sholto MacKim, captain of the Earl's guard. Every liegeman in the town must arm, mount, and ride this instant to Edinburgh. I give you fair warning. You hear my words; I will not enter your rascal town. And if so much as one be wanting at the muster, I swear in the name of my master that his house shall be burned with fire and razed to the ground, and his wife be a widow or ever the cock crow on another Sabbath morn!" That will serve, and we ken brawly there's mair o' the like complexion. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

#### MADAME IZAN.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Mrs. Praed calls her latest novel a "tourist story." We meet the tourists in a big hotel at Hong Kong, and our curiosity to know more about Madame Izan is at once aroused. Her marital history is peculiar, and a situation is evolved in which the hero, John Windeatt, says to Shirazaka Izan, a Japanese gentleman: "If you don't mind, I think I would prefer not to shake hands. You see, I mean to take your wife from you, if by her own will and any legal possibility I can get hold of her. Though we are rough-and-ready out West, we do things on the square." A bright, bizarre novel, suffused by Eastern colour. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

#### THE GARDEN OF SWORDS.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

A romantic and well-written story of the Franco-German War, by an author whose skill in devising exciting incidents is well known. It is a mixture of straightforward fighting, and the complex nature of beautiful Beatrix Lefort, who contrives to love two men at once. One is her husband, a French officer, the other an Englishman and a Hessian dragoon. (Cassell. 6s.)

#### THE SCARLET CITY.

By "POT" AND "SWEARS."

"Pot" and "Swears" are London journalists, whose popularity has won them these endearing sobriquets. "Pot" is Mr. Pottinger Stephens, "Swears" is Mr. Ernest

Wells. Herein, combining their sportive fancies, they offer a slapdash but not unamusing story of gay London life—the life of gilded youth and stage doors, of race meetings and midnight excitements, of sharps and flats. The book takes the form of the autobiography of John Franklyn, and details, to quote the title, his adventures with Anthony Fuller "in and out and round about the Wicked World in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century." It is, in fact, *Tom and Jerry* to date. (Sands. 6s.)

#### THE MATERNITY OF HARRIOTT WICKEN.

By Mrs. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

This story, by the author of *A Man with a Maid*, is a study in heredity. Opening with a scene of death and drunkenness, it is gloomy and unpleasant throughout, yet it grips the reader, and he is fascinated by the character of the tortured Harriott Wicken. The action is laid almost entirely in London, and the author has drawn Brixton society in no flattering way. (Heinemann. 6s.)

#### GOD'S GREETING.

By JOHN GARRETT LEIGH.

An earnestly written story of life in a Northern mining and iron-working district. The author's wish is to indicate how the conditions of certain classes of toilers may be raised, and to point out how Nature and human welfare are strangled "with the gold nets of our own weaving." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

#### THE GREEN FIELD.

By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

A story, to some extent in dialect, of a Midland parish. In matter melodramatic, but written with terseness and force. In the first chapters the village church is burned out, and the chained Bible rescued by a tramp. Subsequently the tramp becomes the vicar's under gardener, and of the upper gardener makes an enemy for life. Later comes murder. An interesting, if somewhat conventional, tale. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

#### SUNNINGHAM AND THE CURATE.

By EDITH A. BARNETT.

A quiet and well-observed story of English provincial life. Sunningham is a typical village, and the author (who is known by her *Champion in the Seventies*) has subjected the conversation and characters of the little set of persons who form its society to close examination. To some extent the novel is a revival of the Jane Austen method. It should please leisurely readers in the country. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

#### MORALS AND MISTAKES.

By C. GORDON WINTER.

The mistakes are rather more evident than the morals. The preface, which is a sort of theorem, tells us that "Man is a puppet in the hands of Fate; by Fate is often meant woman. . . . Woman never does anything without an object; that object is to further her own ends. She occasionally obeys the voice of conscience," &c., &c. The story appears to have emanated originally from the Roxburghe Press, the title-page being a substitution. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

#### MY INVISIBLE PARTNER.

By T. S. DENISON.

An earnest, purposeful story, with a strong leaning to the supernatural. The scene is New Mexico, and there is no end of adventure and mining camp passions. The invisible partner plays an important part in the clearing up of a murder. The reader must be prepared for incidental pages of fairly stiff reading about mind, and will, and telepathy. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

#### MAUREEN MOORE.

By RUPERT ALEXANDER.

Another romance of '98. "Me bould boy!" (Burleigh. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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*Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

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## The Real Robespierre.

A POOR sea-green atrabilia formula of a man—without head, without heart, or any grace, or gift, or even vice, beyond the common, if it were not diseased rigour as of a cramp—meant by nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort to doom men who departed from the written confession, to chop fruitless shrill logic, to contend and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle.

This is Carlyle's last word on the incorruptible revolutionary, and although, with similar passages, it has been attacked, all historical evidence—making the customary allowance



ROBESPIERRE.

for Carlyle's exaggerated expression—bears it out. We are told that M. Sardou has taken quite a different line in the play about to be produced at the Lyceum, and that in Sir Henry Irving's Robespierre we shall see a handsome, spiritual-looking young advocate, inspired by patriotic dreams, a man who was forced to associate with assassins because assassination at that time was a necessary element in statesmanship, but a man who suffered horrible remorse for the crimes committed in the name of Liberty—we are promised, in fact, a whitewashed Robespierre, clear of all monstrous offences, even of that complexion on which Carlyle insisted with such irritating monotony. M. Sardou's experiment would seem to show that the disease of the new historian—a passion for fining down and smoothing away the excrescences of villainy—is infectious and is spreading to the playwrights.

It has been well said that the Revolution was too great to produce great men. When a ship is caught in a tornado, and whirled round and round like a toy boat, the helmsman has little chance of making a mark. And of all the men at the wheel of the ship of state in the France of 1789-95 only one was a statesman, Gabriel Honore Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. Robespierre fought his way to the rudder with admirable persistency; he had those small gifts which can double and twist in a crowd of rivals. When he had finished the dirty work and attained power,

he could not use it. He could only take offence at slights which hurt his vanity, make long speeches at the Jacobin Club, and strut and swell for the edification of the populace in honour of a Supreme Being.

Born in 1758, Robespierre was thirty-three when he first began to make his mark in the Constituent Assembly. Before the Revolution he had achieved a great reputation at the provincial bar, he had also written pamphlets of tame philosophy and stanzas of cold and affected poetry. While Mirabeau lived he could not gain the ear of the Assembly. He once had the hardihood to mount the tribune immediately after Mirabeau had electrified friends and enemies alike with his magnificent speech on the right of declaring war. He tried to stammer out a few frigid platitudes, but he was derisively howled down. This incident is worth noting as characteristic of the blind political vanity of the man. With the death of Mirabeau he quickly came to the front, and avenged in the Convention the days when the Assembly would not hear him by many long speeches which, so far as one can judge from reading them, have every quality of oratory except poetic beauty. It would take too long to enumerate the chief acts of his political career. They are well given in Lewes's monograph, in Mr. Morley's essay, and of course at length in Hamel's exhaustive biography. It is enough to say that he first made himself popular in Paris by defending the right of the people to petition, and by moving that all citizens should be allowed to enter the National Guard. His ascendancy in the Jacobin Club gave him, through its affiliations in the provinces, influence all over France. In the Legislative Assembly his oratory was put in the shade by that of the Girondins; Vergniaud in particular could always hold the turbulent house spellbound with his eloquence, and Robespierre's speech on the war in January, 1792, fell quite flat, although it was one of his best efforts. But the ineffectualness of the Girondins, who had laid the mine under the throne and were now beginning to whimper over the consequences of firing it, soon brought Robespierre and his colleagues forward again. After the 10th of August and the massacres of September his name is associated for the first time with bloodshed, but he took no practical part in this rehearsal of the Terror, although he said the day after the murder of the prisoners: "Yesterday no innocent man perished."

Enthusiastically supported by Couthon, Le Bas, his brother Augustin and St. Just, Robespierre did a great deal during the first session of the Convention to discredit the Gironde. He was also kept busy in defending himself against the attacks of Vergniaud, Guadet and others, but he made no speech of importance until the debate on the king's trial (December, 1792). Then he struck the keynote which carried the wavering Plain into acquiescence by declaring that Louis's death was a political necessity, not an act of justice. The "Mountain" (so called from the height of the seats on which the Jacobin deputies sat) from which Robespierre came down to deliver this speech was at that time a solid body. In a few weeks it had split into the three parties of Robespierre, Hébert and Danton. In a yet shorter time Robespierre had triumphed over both his rivals and fallen headlong himself. He did not fall like Lucifer through "aspiring pride and insolence," he did not fall because he had countenanced a multitude of murders. He fell, and it was just that he should fall, because he was little of soul, the head of a sect rather than a statesman, who talked a great deal about devotion to "la patrie," but knew nothing of patriotism; who worked, not for his country's good, but for the triumph of his theories—worked, let it be acknowledged, with indomitable perseverance, but without any genius or greatness of vision.

The visible decline of Robespierre dates from June, 1794, when he forced the Convention to decree that "le peuple Français reconnaît l'existence de l'Être Suprême et

*l'immortalité de l'âme.*" The famous fête which followed on the 8th was arranged by David, and gave as much pleasure to the populace as the fête in honour of Reason had a few months earlier. Robespierre acted the part of high priest and delivered two long harangues, during one of which a figure emblematic of atheism was burnt. His fellow-deputies laughed at his farcical mysticism, his pontifical airs and graces; they resented the moral superiority with which he tried to overwhelm them. "Avec votre Etre Suprême," said Billaud-Varennes, "vous commencez à m'embêter." Robespierre could not endure these taunts; he demanded the punishment of his revilers, but all the answer he got was the prosecution of crazy old Cathérine Théot, who had hailed him as a Messiah. At that moment Robespierre's practical power was at its greatest. The iniquitous law of the 22 Prairial had enabled him to extend the province of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and through it to take revenge on his enemies. But the affair of Cathérine Théot mortified him to such an extent that he retired from public life altogether for forty days. When he returned, the Convention was in open revolt against him. On the 26th of July he made a long speech complaining of the slights which had been put on him. It was received in gloomy silence, and after such a sitting a greater man would have felt the necessity of striking some decisive blow. Not so Robespierre. He only went to the Jacobin Club and made more speeches.

Then came the Ninth Thermidor. Billaud-Varennes got up in the Convention and denounced Robespierre, who was not allowed to answer; though he cried out "C'est faux!" and "Président d'assassins, je te demande la parole," in a voice so choked and inarticulate that the cry was raised, "Le sang de Danton l'étouffe!" As everyone knows, his arrest was decreed; the Commune rose and rescued him, but owing to indecision, or to desire to avoid further effusion of blood, or to blind confidence in his influence triumphing without the aid of force, he refused to take advantage of the movement. It is not known whether he shot himself at the Hôtel de Ville when Barras's force approached, or whether it was done by one of the soldiers who broke into the hall, but the first version is more generally accepted. He was taken back to the Convention with a shattered jaw, then before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and guillotined the next day (July 28, 1794).

A priest named Lefetz first called Robespierre the Incorruptible, and he never did anything in his public life to make the title a mockery. Still it must be remembered that he had no temptations to corruption in the common sense of the word. It was applause he coveted; it was the realisation of his dream of a chimerical democracy rather than personal aggrandisement which filled his mind. That he was sincere and single-minded may be freely conceded; he was excellently fitted to be the despot of a town council or board of guardians, and it was one of destiny's most freakish practical jokes to make him an active agent in a world-shaking revolution. As for his being a monster of moral turpitude, such an idea could never be entertained for a moment by a close student of the history of the Revolution. At worst he can only be blamed for egregious vanity, which blinded his eyes to the horror of bloodshed. The deeper we read into the documents of his age the stronger is our feeling of horrified surprise that so much evil could be effected by so insignificant a man.

LET me be dumb,  
As long as I may feel thy hand—  
This, this is all—do ye not understand  
How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?  
O breeze! O swaying buds!  
O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

*From T. E. Brown's "Poems."*

## Things Seen.

### The Black Flag.

How the wind played on us, and how the little blue clouds sailed! Right ahead I could see the corner of Newgate. No crowd yet; no sign; just the old vista, the flying specks of pigeons, the early vans, the 'buses preceding and meeting us, a shoe-black's red jacket. It was twenty minutes to nine by St. Sepulchre's clock.

The 'bus flew on, but was conscious of the event. The driver turned and nodded; there was Old Bailey lore in the jerk of his hat-brim, the wand-like motion of his whip. With something like a blush I rose on the flying, rocking 'bus, and disembarked at Newgate-street. A hundred men and boys lined the pavement on the west side of the Old Bailey, but they were half hidden by carriers' carts. The carriers' horses were breakfasting—exploring their nose-bags with their backs to the gaol. The pigeons flew and blew about above. On the whole there was nothing to see.

At ten minutes to nine the prison bell began to toll in single strokes at short intervals. The sounds were uneven. I stood with my back to the shaft of a Rickmansworth farmer's cart, and thought nervously of a long summer's day I spent there twelve years ago, and the unsweetened cider that I drank. The bell did not impress me: it only teased. Then the police arrived. I looked up at the flagstaff. Innocent flagstaff! The cord quivered idly down its length, the pigeons flew close to it, and the little clouds were bisected by it as they passed. Far away, above someone's hat, I saw two youths on a high roof peering and craning, and then I settled my gaze on the flagstaff. The bell tolled interminably, and seemed a weary preamble. I could hear the low rumble of 'buses going to the Bank. Close by, a horse shook its harness, and some people started in fright. My eyes ached in the light behind the flagstaff. Then the cord shook—not with the wind. It was drawn out at an angle, and remained so I know not how long. The suggestion was that the warder was watching—flag in hand. Then we saw a peaked cap and a hand above the parapet—no more, and slowly the sun was blotted out. There was a dull, official cheer from the crowd. I cannot describe the unearthly effect. The eye saw, but the shadow of the black flag fell on the soul.

### Bedford Row.

THE carriage had the amplitude of the century's youth. There was no rumble, but had there been one it would have seemed no excrescence. A coronet was on the panel, and the coachman was aged and comfortable and serene. The footman by the door had also the air of security that comes of service in a quiet and ancient family.

Suddenly from the sombre Georgian house emerged a swift young clerk with a sign to the waiting servants. The coachman's back lost its curve, the venerable horses lifted their ears, the footman stood erect and vigilant, as a little, lively, be-ribboned lady and her portly and dignified man of law appeared in the passage and slowly descended the steps. The little lady's hand was on his arm; she was feeble and very old, and his handsome white head was bent towards her to catch her final remarks. They crossed the pavement with tiny steps, and with old-world gravity and courtesy he relinquished her to the footman and bowed his farewells. She nodded to him as the carriage rolled steadily away, and I had a full glimpse of her face, hitherto hidden by her bonnet. It wore an expression kindly and relieved, and I felt assured that her mission had been rather to add an unexpected and benevolent codicil than to disinherit.



## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Bishop of Wakefield's protest against Mr. Pinero's new play has produced a chorus of protests against the Bishop of Wakefield. The reason is obvious. The Bishop is strictly on his own ground when he praises or censures the morals of a play; but surely it is not too much to ask that a critic—even a bishop critic—should see the play first.

ANOTHER prelate, and not in a speech merely, but as a deliberate piece of writing, made not very long ago an assault upon another and a more famous play. It was thus that Cardinal Manning wrote (anonymously) of Dumas and *La Dame aux Camélias*, when Mme. Bernhardt played it in London:

The author belongs to a world that would despise us as much as we abhor it; and in this reciprocal and extinguishable variance we leave the author and all his works. But of the actress we must say that it is a perilous gift to be able so to play a false and evil part as to draw to falsehood and evil the sympathy and admiration of those who are good and true. What defence is to be made for *La Dame aux Camélias*, "la virginité de l'âme," and "la rédemption par l'amour," with its angelic sweetness, its transfigurations, and its halos of saints? We do not desire that our conceptions of angels should be transferred to courtesans. Vice does not here lose half its evil by losing all its grossness—it becomes doubly evil because of its intoxicating fascinations. There was a time when the matronly gravity and the maiden dignity of English women would have resented such a comedy as an insult.

Cardinal Manning did not sit in the stalls, any more than the Bishop of Wakefield did, before recording his criticism. As a matter of fact, the Cardinal had never once seen a play, a life-record in which not even the Bishop of Wakefield is likely to prove his match. The Cardinal's first and last essay in dramatic criticism was printed in the *Weekly Register*, a paper begun fifty years ago by his brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, which he himself afterwards owned, transferring it before his death to a layman whom he trusted, and who, after making it a tidy property, parted with it only last week.

MRS. WILLIAM VANDERBILT, jun., became perhaps the mistress of more millions than any other woman alive when her own great fortune was united with the greater one of her husband the other week. But she has been put to straits—some straits that would make a text for the author of *No. 5, John Street*—during her brief honeymoon. Without going from the West to the East in self-imposed renunciation, she has wanted clothes. The "most handsome villa in Long Island" is now a cinder; and its name, "Idle Hour," was a strange satire on the scene that took place the other night, when flight from the flames became literally a business of life. The mistress of a *trousseau* that has taken columns of the American press to describe "had no time to dress before making her escape from the house, but she obtained a supply of clothing from the lodge." There were many new sensations, no doubt, during the fire; but the newest of all probably was that experienced by the bride in getting, for the first time in her life, some clothes she really wanted. No wonder she came out to the lawn, took a seat, and watched the progress of the fire with equanimity.

THE Bedgebury estate in Kent, just sold by Mr. Philip Beresford-Hope, is a place of many memories. The house was built with red brick three hundred years ago, and the wings were added later. But the late Mr. Beresford-Hope spent a little fortune in re-building and re-decorating it after his own heart, till—if the truth be told—it partook somewhat of that "Batavian grace"

which Lord Beaconsfield attributed to Bedgebury's possessor. In that house Mr. Beresford-Hope passed many happy years, deciding the "line" of the *Saturday*, and discussing the politics of Church and State with his brother-in-law, Lord Salisbury—a discussion salted, you may be sure, with allusions to Lord Beaconsfield of a not very complimentary kind. There, too, did he receive his nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour, little suspecting what a position he was to hold in the hereafter, when—as Mr. Balfour has told us, not without a hint of the old family feud—"Lord Beaconsfield is dead." There are other words of Mr. Balfour's perhaps not wholly unconnected with the traditions of Bedgebury. Some people express surprise at the sympathetic attitude which Mr. Balfour, with his own well-known mental history, employs towards the High Church party. The sale of Bedgebury may serve to remind them that Mr. Balfour is the nephew, not of Lord Salisbury only, but also of the late Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope.

THE plans for the new War Office in Whitehall by Mr. Young, for the new Local Government Board Office in Parliament-street by Mr. Brydon, for the new College of Science at South Kensington by Mr. Aston Webb, have all been deposited in the House of Commons, and you may know that Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope is no more by the mere fact that there has been no extended debate about them. He was all for Gothic, and was, besides, ever keen for a tilt in the battle of the styles. The architecture of London is a subject on which men who feel at all feel keenly. They differ, and do not agree to differ. Pugin denied that a man could pray devoutly in any but a Gothic church, and the extravagance is characteristic of the various schools of combatants. The subject is one that should not, on any grounds, be confined to experts. Where is the man in the street in his right place if not in such a discussion? It is the man in the street who has comradeship with the buildings in the street, and he has a right to be heard in the choice of his friends.

How far the plans for these great new offices will meet with public approval has yet to be seen. Of those for Parliament-street and Whitehall, one may express a reluctant doubt. Immense are the difficulties of the designers. They cannot, like the church builders, fall back on their fathers—they cannot merely revive. The conditions of time and place are binding. Gigantic blocks of buildings to be lighted in a land of darkness present problems which Michael Angelo might have refused to face.

OUR architects, having been restorers and reproducers for so long, are little equal to the strain made upon them as originators. For years past one of their own number, one whose personality permits him to be a chartered libertine of the tongue, and to tell home-truths without offence—Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A.—has been saying this thing: the principle of iteration is fatal to architecture. Soldiers, he says, if they were like architects, would still go out to fight in armour and with bows and arrows. In his optimistic moods he presses for the formation of a style of architecture in England that will express the modern movements and aspirations—the greater considerateness and benevolence of the days that now are. But the building that is thus expressive is not to be built in a day. Mr. Aitchison himself admits that the evolution must be slow. It must also be tentative; and you cannot play the experimentalist with enormous public works. They can be neither wholly reproductions, therefore, nor yet even largely creations. They are mongrels among the world's buildings, a bit borrowed here and a bit there. That is not very satisfactory; but it is, perhaps, the inevitable expression of a time of great mental and spiritual transition.

## No. 1,053.

I HAD entered a little new shop near Holborn to buy an *Evening Standard*. A brisk, sweet voice forestalled me: "A *Family Herald Supplement*, please!" I stood aside and looked at the girl. She was about twenty-two. Her neat green cloth cape, the quiet set of her hat, her well-kept gloves, and her generally happy air proclaimed her to be the daughter of a well-going suburban home. Placing the *Supplement* in her small leather bag, she flicked out of the door and ran to overtake a King's Cross 'bus. I decided that she lived in Barnsbury.

"I suppose the *Supplement* is as popular as ever?" I said, vaguely interested in the purchase.

"Oh, yes; the *Supplement* never changes. It's an old standard, and the better sort of people stick to it."

"What do you mean by the better sort of people?"

"Oh, quiet, better sort of people—you know. Like that young lady. Do you think she'd buy one of these?"—and the news-vendor waved his hand down a long line of penny novelettes, in coloured covers, adorned with pictures of willowy heroines and impossible drawing-room tragedies. "Oh, no; the *Supplement* is class, and the people who buy it wouldn't be seen reading some of these things with pictures in them. What they like is a quiet love-story—you know—refined."

"Do they read the *Supplement* every week?"

"Yes. That young lady never misses it. You see, it's a nice story to have lying about the home; anyone can read it. It's respectable, you know."

I bought a *Family Herald Supplement*. The story it contained bears the number 1,053, indicating that the *Supplement* is in its twenty-first year of publication. A small wood-block showing Britannia seated on a lion, holding a trident, with a ship sailing by, emphasises the fact that the price of the *Supplement* is one penny. And below the title appears evermore the following proposition:

IF A TENTH PART OF THE FELICITIES THAT ARE ENJOYED IN  
THE REGION OF IMAGINATION COULD BE IMPORTED  
INTO REGIONS TERRESTRIAL, WHAT A DE-  
LIGHTFUL THING IT WOULD BE TO  
AWAKE EACH MORNING TO  
SEE SUCH A WORLD  
ONCE MORE!

I believe I am correct in saying that this legend has always dominated the first page of the *Family Herald Supplement*. It is a clever legend. It is too long to tire: it might appear for ever and ever as a triangular adornment in type. But when, in a mood, it is read, how perfectly it must please! It is the sublimated essence of the mild suburban revolt against the dullness of life. It is Barnsbury's sigh translated.

Did I read the story? Every word of it. The hero, Charles Dysart, picks up a letter written by Bertha Vintrolles, a much-talked-of beauty, to whom he is shortly to be introduced. Therein he learns that Miss Vintrolles has made up her mind to marry him and his fortune; and, reading it, he soliloquises:

What does she mean? That she intends to marry him because he is "gilded" to the tune of twelve thousand a year? That she intends to find a refuge in his arms from her mother and her dressmaker because she will meet him next month and is a beauty? Well, he has a prophetic feeling that Miss Vintrolles will find then that she has scarcely waited long enough to count her chickens!

And so we are deliciously behind the scenes when Dysart and Miss Vintrolles meet in "a large, richly-furnished drawing room in which is a crowd of people." Dysart's surprise and feeling of chagrin when Bertha, after all, makes no immediate assault on his heart; her provocative attentions to the detrimental young Chudleigh, and his to the worldly Effie Clitheroe; Mrs. Vintrolles's dismay as she watches

these mis-sorted couples—such is the woof of the story. "Daughters are the bane of a mother's existence!" says Mrs. Vintrolles—a most effective speech when read aloud in Barnsbury. But, as Bertha says, "Never mind, mamma; I promised I'd marry him, and I will! Don't be frightened. Only I don't feel in a hurry about it. Let me go my own way, and you'll see it will be the better in the end." Note the absolutely unheightened, unsophisticated, Monday-in-the-suburbs quality of the dialogue. That is of the essence of the *Family Herald Supplement* style. The talk echoes the Barnsbury tea-table, and never soars higher than the persiflage of a dance in the Holborn Town Hall. The author's business is to moderately heighten the setting of life, and distribute wealth, beauty, leisure, and melodious surnames—but there the embellishment must end. The mirror must enhance Barnsbury, but Barnsbury must see itself in the mirror. A little flattery, even in speech, of course! Barnsbury knows French—"Oh, yes, a little, you know, only I'm forgetting it all—*au contraire*? Oh, yes, that's on the contrary—don't you see?"

She snubs Tom, too, in his surprise, at the first going off; not that this has never happened before—for, *au contraire*, it is of frequent occurrence.

As to allusion. It must be very simple. When Miss Vintrolles speaks of a heavy brass kettle which she has just hawked round a bazaar on her arm as an "Old Man of the Sea" she is understood.

As to conduct. The chaperone must win in the end, but meanwhile she may be put to a certain amount of confusion.

## Mr. Pinero as a Serious Dramatist.

It is clear from "The Gay Lord Quex" that Mr. Pinero has not advanced since "The Benefit of the Doubt." In the latter play there were indications, as in "Trelawny of the Wells," and (ever so slight) in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," of a seriousness which sharply differentiated him from the playwrights of the hour. He, at any rate, had recognised that the art of drama was a branch of the art of literature, governed by the same canons, and subject to the same tests, as poetry or fiction; and that a play should be something more than a series of "situations" made "telling" at no matter what cost of truth and artistic decency. It is fit, therefore, that his work, whether or not it fall short, should be judged by the standards which we apply to all other forms of literature, but from which, by a tacit understanding, our contemporary drama is generally exempt.

Now, with regard to "The Gay Lord Quex," the most important law of drama is that the action must spring from, and move by means of, character. Novalis said: "Character is fate." But Mr. Pinero, in this play, would seem to say: "Accident is fate." The second act could not have occurred but for the accident of a society dame being pressed for time at a manicurist's. The whole of the third act would have been impossible if a lady's-maid's father had not fallen ill at a particular moment, and if a conversation in a garden had not, by the merest chance, been overheard. The final solution of the problem is due to the pure accident of a young man being caught in the act of osculation. What would be said of a novelist if he employed such stale devices for the furtherance of his story?

Again, look at the general "laying-out" of "Lord Quex." Two acts are employed in simple preparation. It is elaborate and clever preparation, but it is preparation. Not till the third scene of the third act does the essential drama start; and then the whole play is begun and ended



in a single brilliant and effective scene. All that happens outside the one scene between Lord Quex and the manicurist is either preparation or redundancy. With the third act the proper play finishes. Mr. Pinero has tied his knot and unravelled it. But in the fourth act he somewhat leisurely proceeds to tie it again, and in the last breathless, scampering fifteen minutes of the piece he unravels it again, and, incredible though the thing may seem, yet once more ties and unravels. For all its three hours and twenty-five minutes of duration the play is hurried.

The fact is, Mr. Pinero has spent his powers upon one scene and one character, to the neglect of all else. The scene is that in the third act before referred to. And it is a good scene—up to a point. It is genuinely dramatic within itself, and the characters are handled with fine courage. There you see them in all their spiritual nakedness—the vulgar, impulsive, cattish, warm-hearted manicurist, and the lordly reformed rake fighting like a dastard for the happiness which, like a fool, he has lost. And then—what happens? Mr. Pinero suddenly grows afraid of his own truth. Casting aside the apple of Ibsen into which he has bitten so deep, he makes a dart for the saccharine of his old Robertsonian days; and brings down the curtain, amid a hurricane of applause, with as rank a bit of sentimentality as you will find in "Sweet Lavender" itself. The character is Sophy, the manicurist, a faithful and sincere portrait, earnestly studied, and drawn with a certainty and a dexterity which almost, but not quite, defy criticism. By the side of Sophy the other characters are shadows, or, at best, conventional types of stageland. The delicate fresh realism which has gone to the making of her shows up only too painfully the obscure unreality of her surroundings. For, after all, "Lord Quex," with the exception of Sophy, is realistic chiefly in its superficialities—in the outward apparatus of luxurious verisimilitude upon which Mr. Pinero, in his capacity of stage-manager, so strenuously insists. In proof of this you have only to examine the two root-stems, as it were, of the play: the affection of foster-sisters, one base-born, the other aristocratic; and the reformation of a *roué* through the unconscious agency of a pure young girl—have not these affairs been a mainstay of melodrama for fifty years?

Remains the dialogue. It is, on the whole, good, but too "smart." Sophy is made to say: "The Duchess looks for all the world as if she were an angel spending a Saturday to Monday here below." Rather clever, no doubt; but Mr. Pinero well knows that Sophy never said such a thing.

## Correspondence.

### The Invaluable Capital.

SIR,—I note a misprint on p. 29 of the new *Omar*, the strangely anonymous *Omar*:

That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

And in the equivalent line on p. 71:

That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.

Such elementary faults are to be pardoned in the case of genius; in the case of printer's man *quid* printer's man there is no excuse for them. If it is that the lover of FitzGerald will have his misplaced apostrophes and all—why, let us have *literature* spelt with two *t*'s in our Stevenson, with all the rest of R. L. S.'s little weaknesses. Speaking of FitzGerald, have many of his Readers considered to what a Degree the Success of his Version, delightful though it be, is Due to his Employment of Capital Letters? Literature now, to its great Hurt, it may be, appeals now little to the Ear, but chiefly to the Eye; and whether this be because Reading Aloud is a *Lost Art*, as our Elders would have; or that our Taste is so

far bittered that it will not suffer this Art in patience; which yet so far subsists as to make a natural Delivery the Rarest of Things: however this be, it is often seen that Poetry is most admired which in Sound is indeed Unmusical, and Prose which has no natural *Nuance*; for the reason that they charm the Understanding by instantly Impressing the Visual Sense, in such Manner that the Mind has no Need to go searching about to apprehend the *Meaning*. This I believe to be the Explanation of the Continued Admiration of Many for the Poems of such Writers as Pope and Addison, which many others count as poor Stuff: but by the Fact that all the Nouns are pointed out with such Clearness to the *Eye*, such work will impress the *Sluggish Mind* far more keenly and vividly than Work which does not so Solicit the Eye; and thus there are Persons of feeble Wits who reckon the Literature of the Last Century *far superior* to that of this: as a Woman will consider another Woman's *Letter* to be far the superior of a *Man's*, as it is so *Emphasized*, by Italics and *Extravagant Words*, as to penetrate the mind *Instantly*: And with Literature it is far other than with Jewels, for the Generality rate most Highly that which is Comprehended with Least Pain.

This Printing of Words by means of Capital Letters will also give a Passage a Balance and Rhythm which do not by Right belong to it; each Capital giving the Mind a little Pause: So that I have seen Passages highly Applauded by famous Critics, which stripped of their Nobility of Capitals had fallen into the most vulgar Journalese; no more, compared with their former State, than is a member of society compared with a member of Society.

As a Case in Point, consider the following Quatrain, done almost faithfully into English from *Omar*:

#### I.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with wine,  
This amber face make like a ruby shine,  
And when I die with wine my body wash,  
My coffin wattle of the roots of vine.

#### II.

Stay me with Flagons! Comfort me with Wine!  
This Amber Face make like a Ruby shine!  
And when I die with Wine my Body wash,  
My Coffin wattle of the Roots of Vine!

—I am, &c.,

A. BERNARD MIALL.

### The Roaring Moon.

SIR,—I am delighted. I have brought down, with quite a little shout, an avalanche, and I am not crushed—not even though Mr. Eyre Hussey has apparently never seen a tossing boat, moored in a current, with the water washing its prow. Tennyson might have said moon, but he didn't. He said "moon," and "moon" has a double significance, like a tree and its shadow. No doubt, to the many, a tree shadow suggests nothing but a measurable form. They can't conceive it extending beyond the reach of anything but the imagination (*anglicè*, lunacy). I have tried to follow up the extended shadow whither-soever it led, like "the stretched metre of an antique song." That's all, upon my word. I am quite elated over the result—the hands up: "Me, sir, me!" to construe the obvious. But, believe me, I never supposed that Tennyson meant to imply that the moon sat up like a colicky baby and roared. On the other hand, I do say (it is just an opinion, but hard of refutation) that he would not have used the word in its secondary, only to imply its primary, meaning, save deliberately, and with the intention to justify his reader in the imaginative quest. Whither that goes, or how it is conducted, is a matter of temperament. Evidently, here is one discredited, but unrepentant, explorer, in the author of "Stepping-tones."—I am, &c.,

Winchester.

BERNARD CAFES.

## Haikais in English.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## RESULT OF NO. 27.

LAST week we asked for Haikais, first explaining that a Haikai is a Japanese form of verse consisting of three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables respectively, or seventeen syllables in all. We then quoted a few specimens to show the nature of a Haikai, which is light and fresh, a swift fugitive impression more often than not ending with a surprise. As a result nearly two hundred original examples lie before us (for many competitors have sent in several attempts), the best of which is this, by Mr. R. M. Hansard, 6, Compton-terrace, Eastbourne, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been sent:

The west wind whispered,  
And touched the eyelids of spring:  
Her eyes, Primroses.

Spring is the favourite subject with our experimentalists, but one or two are humorous. V. A. F. (Kensington), for example, adapts Voiture on the rondeau, and writes thus:

[First] five syllables;  
Then seven; then five again;  
Behold a Haikai.

While from E. S. (Ely) comes this pleasant trifle:

Through Haikais many  
You seek for a poetess—  
Lo, here's my coupon.

There is also some elaborate satire from E. H. (Ledbury), which we would quote but for the fact that its force depends upon spelling Haikai "Haiwai."

Here is a selection of examples:

A star fell nigh me,  
I saw it in the woodland—  
Lo, 'twas a primrose!

[J. H., Oxford.]

Her eyes are the dove's,  
Her black locks are the raven's,  
But her heart is mine.

[T. C., Buxted.]

A light rustling stir  
In the full-foliaged tree—  
Aha, the squirrel!

[I. S., Brighton.]

I listen at dusk,  
To the wind in the poplars;  
And dream of the sea.

[L. M. L., Stafford.]

At last! a footstep,  
A cry, eyes dim and laughing!  
At last, my sweetest!

[W. G. F., Fowey.]

A cloud of whiteness  
Against the sky deeply blue,  
Stands the wild cherry.

[M. J. S., Bournemouth.]

Answers received also from: A. C., Lee; E. G. B., Lissadell; A. T., Scarborough; H. P. B., Glasgow; A. F., Sutton; L. L., Ryde; S. E. A., Sheffield; W. L., London; D. B. H., Uxbridge; B. B., Handsworth; E. M. C., London; K. J., London; T. B. D., Bridgewater; S. E. G., Bridlington Quay; C. L., London; G. E. M., London; G. K., Clevedon; W. H. S., Ash; T. E. J., Ipswich; C. C., Southsea; A. M. C., Bristol; S. B., Chertsey; A. S., Cambridge; A. H. W., London; G. B., London; R. W. M., London; N. H., London; J. E. G., Bath; L. B., Forest Gate; C. B. F., Bagshot; F. S. C., Bristol; C. L., Twickenham; W. A. B., London; J. S. L., New-castle-on-Tyne; C. J. T., Tiverton; E. C. M. D., Crediton; T. V. N., South Woodford; E. M. C., London; A. H. K., Manchester; S. H., Warwick; A. B., Croydon; F. S., London; B. G., Barnsley; H. B. L., Liverpool; R. G., Belfast; J. D. A., Ealing; B. P. N., London; A. H., Enfield; A. V. M. M., Merrow; A. G., Reigate; E. G. F., London; M. L. M., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; L. B., Scarborough; A. E. C., Brighton; J. B. C., Northampton; W. M. A., London; W. W. B., Birmingham; B. Q., London; R. H., Aston Manor; M. T. P., Chester; E. M. C., London; W. H. S., Walsall; G. D., Balham; C. H. F., London; E. G. H., London; A. C. A., London; A. S., Hull; E. M. J., Saint Tors; S. R. M., Glendevon; A. M., London; T. L. H., Dolgellau; G. R., London; W. S. R., Moffat; T. H., Tavistock; E. S. W., Sheffield; M. A. R., Woodstock; L. B., London; M. P. F., Birmingham; A. L., Streatham; A. V. W., Fulham; J., London; F. E. C., London; J. A. B., Edgbaston; R. J. F., Woodhouse Lane; J. W. G., Belfast; J. B. N.,

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Received also, but too late to qualify: A. B. M., Eastbourne; F. A., Leeds; G., Oxford.

## Competition No. 28.

The stock of worldly wisdom, as expressed pithily and humorously in proverbs, is too small. We ask our contributors to try to add to it, and we give them as models the following translated saws from Don Quixote, most, if not all of them, proceeding from Sancho Panza:

He whose father is judge goes safe to trial.  
There is no friend for a friend.  
You cannot catch trout with dry breeches.  
There are only two families in the world—the Haves and the Have-nots.

Whether the pitcher strike the stone or the stone the pitcher, the pitcher suffers.  
Under my cloak I kill (or command) the king.  
All sorrows are bearable if there is bread.  
There is no book so bad but that it contains something good.  
Everyone is as God made him, and very often worse.

We do not ask for our competitors' wisdom to be expressed exactly in Sancho Panza's formula; but it must have a kindred homeliness of manner. Most thinking persons have one or two pet pieces of counsel which experience has taught them; it is these which we desire to extract and put on record; but so long as the phrasing is original we do not mind if the thought is not. To the author of the best proverb sent us a prize of a guinea will be given.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 18. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the third column of p. 417, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, April 13.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Saunders (T. B.), *The Quest of Faith* ..... (Black) 7/6

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wilkinson (S.), *From Cromwell to Wellington* ..... (Lawrence & Bullen) 10/6  
Botsford (S. W.), *A History of Greece for Schools and Academies* ..... (Macmillan) net 6/6  
Kirby (T. F.), *Wykeham's Register. Vol. II.* ..... (Simpkin)  
Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne (1812-1813) ..... (Heinemann)  
Carter (A. T.), *Outlines of English Legal History* ..... (Butterworth)  
Foulke (W. D.), *Slav or Saxon: a Study of the Growth and Tendencies of Russian Civilisation* ..... (Putnam's Sons)  
Lynch (H.), *The Autobiography of a Child* ..... (Blackwood) 6/0  
Publications of the Navy Records Society: Letters and Papers Relating to the First Dutch War ..... (Navy Records Society)  
*Footprints: a Memoir of the late Alexander Hay. By His Widow* ..... (Stock)

## NEW EDITIONS.

Muir (Sir W.), *The Caliphate: Its Rise, Decline, and Fall*. 3rd Edition (Smith, Elder)  
Houghton (Rev. S.), *A Manual of Optics* ..... (Cassell) 2/6  
Ruskin (J.), *The Nature of the Gothic: A Chapter from the Stones of Venice* ..... (Allen) net 1/0  
The Works of Shakespeare ("Everley" edition) ..... (Macmillan) 5/0  
Baldrewood (R.), *My Run Home; and Old Melbourne Memories* ..... (Macmillan) each 3/6  
*The Little Flowers of Saint Francis* ..... (Kegan Paul) net 6/0

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Dickinson (H. R.), *Sentimental and Absurd Rhymes* ..... (Denny)  
Maitland (E. F.), *The Etchingham Letters* ..... (Smith, Elder) 6/0  
Frothingham (E.), *Poems of Teresa* ..... (Putnam's Sons)  
Drummond (W. H.), *Phil-o-ram's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres* ..... (Putnam's Sons)  
Bottomley (G.), *Poems at White Nights* ..... (Unicorn Press) net 2/6

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Younghusband (Major C. J.), *The Philippines and Round About* ..... (Macmillan) net 8/0  
("Iarafel") *Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks* ..... (Unicorn Press) net 5/0

## EDUCATIONAL.

Cotterill (H. B.), *Iphigenie auf Tauris* ..... (Macmillan) 3/0  
Macdonald (S. F.), *A School Arithmetic* ..... (Macmillan) 2/6  
Gregory (R. A.), *Elementary Physics and Chemistry* ..... (Macmillan) 1/6  
Adie (H. H.), *Introduction to the Carbon Compounds* ..... (Clive) 2/6



## MISCELLANEOUS.

Dearmer (P.), *The Parson's Handbook*.....(Richards) 3/6  
 British Museum: *A Guide to the Manuscripts, Autographs, &c., and a Guide to the Exhibition Galleries*.....(By Order of the Trustees) each 0/6  
 Allbutt (T. O.), *A System of Medicine*.....(Macmillan) net 25/0  
 Veblen (T.), *The Theory of the Leisure Class*.....(Macmillan) net 7/0  
 Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition.....(Hodge & Co.) 42/0  
 Levy (J. H.), *The Necessity for Criminal Appeal as Illustrated by the Maybrick Case*.....(King & Son) net 10/8

\* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

## Announcements.

WE attributed last week the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's chapter on "The Nature of Gothic," from *Stones of Venice*, to Messrs. Longmans. This was an error. The publisher is Mr. George Allen. The pamphlet, which has Mr. Morris's introduction, written for the Kelmscott Edition, prefixed, is a very interesting one.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days *Rose à Charlotte*, by Marshall Saunders, a romantic story of Acadie.

MR. HENRY FROWDE announces that the first volumes of the *British Anthologies*, edited by Prof. Edward Arber, will be ready early next month. These are the volumes including the poems of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton, and their contemporaries. This is claimed by the editor to be the first adequate attempt that has ever been made towards an historical national anthology at popular prices, and the series will contain about 2,500 entire poems and songs, by some 300 poets.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce for publication, on April 15, a new novel entitled *The Prodigal's Brother*, by Mr. John Mackie.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately the popular edition of Mr. Bodley's *France*. It will be accompanied by a new preface reviewing the course of events in France since the first appearance of the work last year. The new preface will also be published separately in a form to permit of it being bound with the editions of 1898.

SIR WEMYSS REID'S *Life of Mr. Gladstone*, with contributions by F. W. Hirst, Canon MacColl, Rev. W. Tuckwell, G. W. E. Russell, Henry W. Lucy, Arthur J. Butler, and Alfred F. Robbins, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on April 18.

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University of Aberdeen,  
11th April, 1899.

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In consequence of the resignation of the present Head Master of the MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT, the HEAD MASTERSHIP of this Department will be VACANT on JULY 1. The minimum salary of the post will be £200 per annum, and the successful candidate will be expected to enter on his duties on September 1.

Candidates are requested to send to the SECRETARY their applications, with statement of age and copies of testimonials, on or before Thursday, April 20.

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